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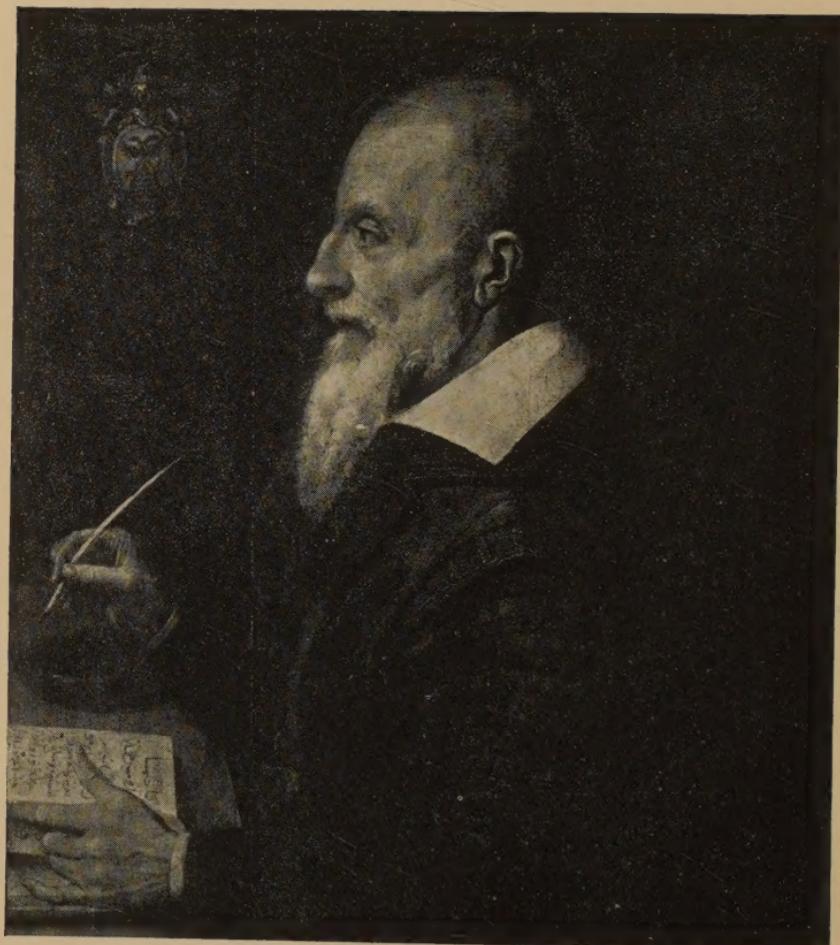
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PORTRAIT OF JOSEPH SCALIGER.
From an original painting in the Senate Hall at Leyden.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH SCALIGER

WITH AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SELECTIONS
FROM HIS LETTERS
HIS TESTAMENT
AND THE FUNERAL ORATIONS
BY DANIEL HEINSIUS AND DOMINICUS BAUDIUS

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH FOR THE FIRST TIME
WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

GEORGE W. ROBINSON

SECRETARY OF THE HARVARD GRADUATE SCHOOL OF
ARTS AND SCIENCES



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TO

THE FRIENDS IN COUNCIL

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PREFACE

IT is partly an accident, partly not, that there is yet no biography in English of Joseph Scaliger. Accidental in part, because death interrupted the work of Mark Pattison on his contemplated biography; partly not accidental, in that the nature of the case makes Scaliger's life an extraordinarily difficult, if not impossible, subject for fitting treatment. Whether Joseph Scaliger should be reckoned the greatest scholar of all time, or should share that palm with Aristotle, is, perhaps, an open question; of his primacy beyond all rivalry among the scholars of modern times there can be no doubt. 'Phoenix of Europe,' 'light of the world,' 'sea of sciences,' 'bottomless pit of erudition,' 'perpetual dictator of letters,' 'the greatest work and miracle of nature,' 'victor over time'—to seek to limn the portrait of a man to whom such terms can be applied, without a thought of incongruity, by the staidest of professors and the most learned of critics, is indeed a task to make even a stout heart hesitate. To write an adequate life of Scaliger another Scaliger is required; yet if such a one were to be again vouchsafed to earth, it is wholly probable that he might find and

prefer other employment for his strength. Meantime we should be grateful for the good, though short, German biography by Jacob Bernays.

The book that lies before you is not meant to take the place of a biography, though it may well serve as a companion to the book of Bernays and the briefer biographical accounts in English. The title piece and motive is the matchless Autobiography, one of the most precious documents of scholarship and culture, the fountain from which a thousand streams have come down through the literature of succeeding ages. This, written early in 1594, brings our hero to Leyden. Next, the most difficult part of my work, I have tried to present, by means of selections from Scaliger's letters written at Leyden, a picture of his life at that city and university comparable in clearness, interest, and — hardest of all — in scale with the Autobiography. The difficulty was not in finding material, but in restricting myself to limits that should not make the Leyden period occupy space disproportionate to the earlier years, and within these limits in choosing the passages best fitted to my purpose. "Yet let him know that undertakes to pick out the best ear amongst an acre of wheat, that he shall leave as good if not a better behind him, than that which he chooseth," well says Thomas Fuller; I can only ask to be judged by

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what I have included, rather than by what I have left out. The Testament follows, best of autobiographical material, telling much of Scaliger's household and friends, of the disposal of his books and manuscripts, and of his hopes for the future life. The Funeral Orations by Heinsius and Baudius merit inclusion as brilliant contemporary biographies, written by learned men who had known Scaliger long and well. My translation of these Orations was made nearly a dozen years ago; in 1915 and 1917 I had a few copies privately printed for the use of friends.

GEORGE W. ROBINSON.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS,
January, 1927.

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INTRODUCTION

THE standard biography of the younger Scaliger is that excellent work of Jacob Bernays, *Joseph Justus Scaliger* (Berlin, 1855). David Ruhnken never carried out his plan of writing a life of Scaliger as a companion piece to his *Elogium* of Tiberius Hemsterhuis.¹ Far the best accounts in English are the masterly review of Bernays's book by Mark Pattison in the *Quarterly Review*, vol. cviii (1860), reprinted in Pattison's collected *Essays* (1889), vol. i, with some fragments of Pattison's contemplated Life of Scaliger, and the article by Richard Copley Christie in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, reissued in Christie's *Selected Essays and Papers* (1902). Christie is sober and cautious, inclined to present persons and events in tints approximating neutral gray. Pattison sees things in black and white, a faculty which sometimes makes him the better guide in the fierce conflicts of the sixteenth century. P. H. Peerlkamp's "Oratio de Vita Iosephi Scaligeri" (1834), in his *Opuscula Oratoria et Poetica* (Leyden, 1879), pages 88–101, contains a particularly interesting account of Scaliger's life at Leyden. Bernays has a bib-

¹ Daniel Wyttenbach, *Opuscula* (Amstelodami, 1820–21), i, p. 785; *Epistolae Mutuae Ruhnkenii et Valckenaerii*, ed. W. L. Mahne (Vlissingae, 1832), p. 112; P. H. Peerlkamp, *Opuscula Oratoria et Poetica* (Lugduni Batavorum, 1879), p. 88.

liography,¹ which may be supplemented by some later items in Christie's article.

The Autobiography of Joseph Scaliger has furnished, directly or indirectly, rich material for numerous accounts of his life and studies that have appeared during the last three hundred years and more. First published in 1594, in the *Epistola de Vetustate et Splendore Gentis Scaligerae et Iul. Caes. Scaligeri Vita*, it was reissued in the 1627 and 1628 editions of Scaliger's *Letters*. It was also reprinted, as a part of the *Epistola de Vetustate*, in Gaspar Scioppius's *Scaliger Hypobolimaeus* (1607). Daniel Heinsius printed it, without the rest of the *Epistola de Vetustate*, in his *Orationes Duae* on the death of Scaliger (1609), pages 4-7, under the title "Vita et Ratio Studiorum Iosephi Scaligeri." A French translation of the greater part of it is given by Adolphe Magen in "Documents sur Jules-César Scaliger et sa famille," Société d'Agriculture, Sciences, et Arts d'Agen, *Recueil des travaux*, 2^e série, iii (1873), pages 199-203.

As I have remarked in the Preface, the Autobiography ends with Scaliger's coming to Leyden, and I have sought, so far as possible, to supply its place for the period of the Leyden professorship by extracts from Scaliger's letters and from the *Secunda Scaligerana*. Many of the letters were printed in Scaliger's

¹ Earlier bibliographies are in Paul Colomiès, *Gallia Orientalis* (Hagae Comitis, 1665), pp. 111-143; and J. G. de Chauffepié, *Nouveau dictionnaire historique et critique* (Amsterdam, etc., 1750-56, 4 vols.), iv, pp. 195-198.

Opuscula (1610); but the only complete edition attempted is that published by the Elzevirs in 1627, probably under the editorial supervision of Daniel Heinsius, and reprinted at Frankfort in the following year. My references are to the Frankfort edition: *Iosephi Scaligeri Epistolae Omnes quae reperiri potuerunt, nunc primum collectae ac editae*. Bernays, p. 307, gives a supplementary list of letters published in later collections. See also *Lettres françaises inédites de Joseph Scaliger*, ed. Philippe Tamizey de Larroque (Agen and Paris, 1879); and P. C. Molhuysen, *Bronnen tot de Geschiedenis der Leidsche Universiteit*, i (the Hague, 1913), pp. 278*-282.* The selections represent Scaliger's correspondence with Isaac Casaubon and Justus Lipsius, the other two 'triumvirs of the republic of letters'; John of Olden-Barneveld, the famous and unfortunate Dutch statesman; Marcus Welser, learned and wealthy Augsburg antiquarian and banker; Federico Ceruti, Italian philologian, and Gerhard Elmenhorst, editor of Apuleius; and the Vassan brothers, youthful friends of his old age. They tell something of his life at Leyden, the climate of Holland, the pestilence, the character of 'this most humane folk,' the troubles of house-hunting and of moving, Scaliger's household and books, the great works on which he was engaged, his interest in copying manuscripts for the benefit of future generations, his despatch of books and requests for others, his warm, enduring friendships, and his preparations and hopes for the end of this earthly life and the entrance into life eternal. I

have added a few short passages from the *Secunda Scaligerana*, notes on Scaliger's table talk taken by the Vassans while students at Leyden: using the edition comprised in the second volume of *Scaligerana, Thuciana, Perroniana, Pithoeana, et Colomesiana*, edited by Pierre Des Maiseaux (Amsterdam, 1740, 2 vols.).¹

Scaliger's last Testament, replacing one of earlier date, was drawn up by himself in Latin in the fall of 1607, as we learn from his letter of October 13 to Casaubon.² The same will, in French, "identical with that which I have written in Latin, of the same tenor and provisions," was drawn up, signed, and witnessed at Scaliger's residence on November 18, 1608. Both originals have disappeared, and no copy of the Latin will has been found. Copies of the French testament were preserved in the Archives départementales of Lot-et-Garonne at Agen, and in the Library of the University of Leyden, Codex Perizonii 4° 5, fols. 39–44. The Testament has been edited from the former by Adolphe Magen, in Société d'Agriculture, Sciences, et Arts d'Agen, *Recueil des travaux*, 2^e série, iii (1873), pages 231–237; from the latter, by W. N. Du Rieu, in Maatschappij der Nederlandsche Letterkunde te Leyden, *Handelingen en Mededeelingen*, 1881, pt. 2, pages 131–137, and by an unnamed editor in Bibliotheca Universitatis Leidensis, *Codices Scaligerani (praeter Orientales)* (Lugduni Batavorum, 1910), pages v–viii.

¹ I have spoken of the value of the *Scaligerana* in my article on "Joseph Scaliger's Estimates of Greek and Latin Authors," in *Harvard Studies in Classical Philology*, xxix (1918), pp. 133 f.

² See p. 52, below.

The Funeral Orations are by two professors of the Leyden faculty: the famous classicist Daniel Heinsius (1580-1655), Scaliger's favorite pupil, professor of Greek from 1605 and librarian from 1607; and Dominicus Baudius (1561-1613), professor of eloquence from 1604, of history and jurisprudence from 1608, and from 1611 historiographer of the United Provinces. Baudius and Heinsius are given brief notices in Lucian Müller's *Geschichte der klassischen Philologie in den Niederlanden*, in Sandys's *History of Classical Scholarship*, and in some of the modern encyclopaedias. For more adequate accounts of them one may go to the Dutch biographical dictionary of van der Aa, to Meursius's *Athenae Batavae*, or to the older biographical dictionaries in French. Bayle's lively account of Baudius should, however, be taken with many grains of salt.

The Funeral Oration of Heinsius was first printed in that scholar's memorial volume to Scaliger, of which the title page runs as follows: *Danielis Heinsii in obitum v. illustr. Iosephi Scaligeri Jul. Caes. a Burden f. eruditorum Principis Orationes Duae. Accedunt Epicedia eiusdem & aliorum: effigies item ac monumentum Scaligeri, & Principum Veronensium aeri incisa.* [Vignette.] *Ex Officina Plantiniana Raphelengii. M.D.CVIII. Lugd. Bat. prostant apud Lud. Elzevrium & Andream Cloucquium.* The Oration has the half-title, *Danielis Heinsii in Iosephi Scaligeri Obitu Funebris Oratio, Habita in auditorio Theologico, statim ab exequiis, XXV Ianuarii, CIC. IC.C.IX.* The editions of the collected Orations of Heinsius, published

by the Elzevirs at Leyden or Amsterdam in 1612, 1615, 1620, 1627, 1642, and 1657, contain the Funeral Oration; but I do not find that it has been published separately.

The Funeral Oration by Baudius appeared as a booklet of twenty-three pages, with the title page: *Oratio Funebris Dicta honori & memoriae maximi virorum Iosephi Iusti Scaligeri. Auctore D. Baudio I. C. Et Historiarum in Illustri Academia Lugdun. Batavo. Professore. [Vignette.] Lugduni Batavorum. Prostant apud Ludov. Elzevirium, & Andream Cloucq-uum. Anno 1609.* It has been republished in the collected editions of Baudius's Orations, issued at Leyden (1617, 1619, 1622, 1625), and of his Letters and Orations, published at Leyden (1636, 1650) and Amsterdam (1639, 1642, 1647, 1660, 1662); and in Henning Witten's *Memoria Philosophorum, Oratorum, Poetarum, Historicorum, et Philologorum nostri Seculi Clarissimorum renovata* (Francofurti, 1677, 2 vols.), i, pages 29-40. I have found no previous translation of either Funeral Oration in any language.

Many of the ideas and some of the language in the Oration of Baudius may be traced to his earlier works, especially *Heroicorum Liber*, epos i (a poetical eulogy of Scaliger), the Letters, and *Gnomarum Iambicarum Libri IV*. In the Gnomes, for example, may be found the bow of Paean (i, 53); "Strumas in the curule chair" (i, 19); Cato and Vatinius (ii, 9, 24, 25, 28, 55, 61; iv, 1); Bias leaving Priene (ii, 28, 33, 45); Hercules and Envy (ii, 32); the glory of the second or third rank

(iv, 12); and other parallels in i, 22, 26, 41, 49, 51, 52; ii, 45; iii, 12.

The frontispiece portrait of Scaliger is from a photograph of the famous painting in the Senate Hall of the University of Leyden — that Hall than which, says Niebuhr in his well known passage, “for the philologist there is no holier spot outside Italy and Greece.”¹

The portrait facing page 59 is from the engraving by J. de Leeuw, made from a water-color portrait of Scaliger which was painted shortly before his death for Cornelius Mylius, and was later in the possession of Gerard Papenbroek. The Latin epigram of Hugo Grotius on the portrait deserves to be given here:

Haec est Scaligeri mortem meditantis imago:
Luminis heu tanti vespera talis erat.
In vultu macies et tortor corporis hydrops,
Sed tamen et magni conspiciuntur avi.
Laeva tenet chartas Nabathaei munera coeli:
Armatur calamo nunc quoque dextra suo.
Haec est illa manus vitam cui tota vetustas
Debet, et a primo tempora ducta die.
Quod si Scaligero meritis par vita daretur,
Non nisi cum mundo debuit ille mori.

Nor has the Muse failed to honor the great scholar with a wreath of English laurel. Witness the quaint lines of Quarles annexed to the biographical sketch in Thomas Fuller's *Abel Redevivus* (1651):

How can the worthy name and memory
Of Scaliger in black oblivion dye?

¹ *Römische Geschichte*, i (Berlin, 1811), p. 170.

INTRODUCTION

Who by his pregnant wit and studious braines,
 And indefatigable care and paines,
 In Greek and Hebrew grew so excellent
 That being sent for, he to Leiden went,
 Where he was made Professour, and became
 A man of high renown and spreading fame:
 And gracing much that University
 For fifteen years, he there at last did dye.

For the portraits of Scaliger, see further W. N. Du Rieu, "De Portretten en het Testament van Josephus Justus Scaliger," in *Maatschappij der Nederlandsche Letterkunde te Leiden, Handelingen en Mededeelingen*, 1881, pt. 2, pages 89–137; and P. C. Molhuysen, *De Komst van Scaliger in Leiden* (Leyden, 1913). The best known, besides the two here given, are, first, the engraving by Hendrik Goltzius representing Scaliger in 1575, at the age of thirty-five, with short hair, close-cropped moustache, small beard, high ruff, and slashed doublet.¹ This may be seen in the *Bibliotheca Chalcographica*, i, Ccc4, with the inscription

Ille simul Musas et Phoebum scripserit ipsum,
 Qui scribit nomen Clare Iosephe tuum.

Secondly, the painting made in 1597 by Paulus Merula (1555–1607), professor of history and librarian in the University of Leyden,² and since preserved in the University Library. For this portrait Hugo Grotius wrote the following lines, which appear on page 76 of

¹ See Du Rieu, pp. 90 f.; Molhuysen, *Bronnen*, i, p. 205.*

² His life and portrait are in Joannes Meursius's *Athenae Batavae* (1625), pp. 158–161.

Heinsius's *Orationes Duae*, "In Effigiem eiusdem quae in Bibliotheca pub. servatur":

Inter mille libros (nec sedes dignior ulla)
 Quae tulit immensus Scaliger ora vides.
 Mille libros hospes nimium ne respice, maior
 Hic tibi quem monstro bibliotheca fuit.

Thirdly, an engraving of the year 1607, which Du Rieu assigns to Bartholomeus Dolendo,¹ printed in Heinsius's *Orationes Duae*, the *Illustris Academia Lugd-Batava* (1613), Meursius's *Athenae Batavae* (1625), and as recently as Alfred Gudemann's *Imagines Philologorum* (Leipsic, 1911).

Heinsius, describing Scaliger's personal appearance, says, "There was nothing of the cloistered student about him. He was of remarkable beauty, save for his sunken and hollow temples, at which he often jested. His stature was middling and well proportioned rather than tall; yet this was not perceived unless by comparison with some tall man standing by him. His keen eyes revealed his intellectual vigor. So keen were they, that even until death he saw clearly all the smallest lines, all the smallest and perversest Oriental points and letters, which, as you very well know, either bother the eyes extremely or escape them altogether. Neatness was always his special care to the very end of his life. A speck of dirt, a stray hair, he would not endure."²

¹ Du Rieu, pp. 114-119.

² In Scaliger's *Epistolae* (1628), pp. 771 f. See also the contemporary description by Arend van Buchell, in his *Diarium*, ed. G. Brom

The facsimile which we give, as a specimen at once of Scaliger's handwriting and of his lighter verse, is from the Library of the University of Leyden, Cod. Scal. 25, fol. 140, "Carmen de Mirandis Bataviae," addressed to Janus Dousa (1545–1604), lord of Noordwijk, defender of Leyden in the great siege and first warden of the University, and dated "Lugd. Bat. anno 1600." In Scaliger's *Poemata*, edition of 1615, it appears on page 43; in the edition of 1864, on page 46.

Ignorata¹ tuae referam miracula terrae,
 Dousa, peregrinis non² habitura fidem.
 Omnia laniitum hic lassat textrina Minervae.
 Lanigeros tamen hinc scimus abesse greges.
 Non capiunt operas fabriles oppida vestra.
 Nulla fabris tamen haec ligna ministrat humus.
 Horrea triticeae rumpunt hic frugis acervi.
 Pascuus hic tamen est, non Cerealis ager.
 Hic numerosa meri stipantur dolia cellis.
 Quae vineta colat nulla putator habet.
 Hic nulla, aut certe seges est rarissima lini.
 Linificii tamen est copia maior ubi?
 Hic mediis habitatatur aquis. Quis credere possit?
 Et tamen hic nullae, Dousa, bibuntur aquae.

Scaliger also wrote this in a Greek version:

'Τμετέρης ἐρέω νηπευθέα θαύματα γαίης,
 Δουσιάδη, δύσπιστ' ἀλλοδαποῖς ἀτειν.
 ἐνταῦθ' οὐκ ἀρκοῦσ' ἐρίοις ἴστωνες Ἀθήνης.
 πῶν δὲ φροῦδον ἄπαν εἰροπόκων δῖων.

and L. A. van Langeraad (Amsterdam, 1907), p. 485, under date of June 28, 1599: "hominem mediocri statura," etc.

¹ Ms. *Numquam audit.*

² Ms. *haud.*

ἄστεα χειροβίους οὐ χωρεῖ τέκτονας ἄνδρας.

ἐργασίμης δ' ὅλης ἐστ' ἀχόρηγον ἔδος.

σιτοδόκους πυροῦ σωροὶ δηγνύσι καλιάς.

βούβοτος ἡ γαίη δ', οὐ φιλόπυρος ἔφυ.

ἀπλετοὶ ὁδὸι οἴνοι νενασμέναι εἰσὶ πιθάκναι.

οὐδενὸς οἰνοπέδου δ' ἐστὶ φυτηκομίη.

οὐδαμὸς, ή σπάνιος, τῇδε σπόρος ἐστὶ λίνοιο.

ποὺ ποτὲ δ' εἰσὶ λίνου πλείονες ἐργασται;
οἰκίαι εἰσὶ μέσοισιν ἐν ὕδασι. τίς κε πίθοιο;

ὑδροποτεῖ δ' οὐδεὶς ἐνθάδε, Δουσιάδη.

The following is a rough but fairly close English rendering:

Th' unnoticed wonders of thy land I'll say,
Though, Dousa, strangers won't believe my lay.
Here wool and weaving for Minerva's looms;
We see no fleecy flocks upon the downs.
Your towns close crowded with their smithies stand;
The smiths can win no fuel from the land.
The barns are bursting here with wheaten store;
Yet 'tis a pasture, not a field of grain.
Here rooms are packed with many jars of wine;
For vineyards may the pruner seek in vain.
Here is no flax, or, surely, almost none;
Yet where is there more linen weaving done?
Incredible! Here's water all around;
Yet here no water-drinker can be found.

The mortal remains of Joseph Scaliger were laid to rest on January 25, 1609, in the house of worship which he was accustomed to attend, the church of the French Huguenot refugees, St. Mary's, or Vrouwekerk. Here a monument was raised to his memory by the wardens of the University and the burgomasters of

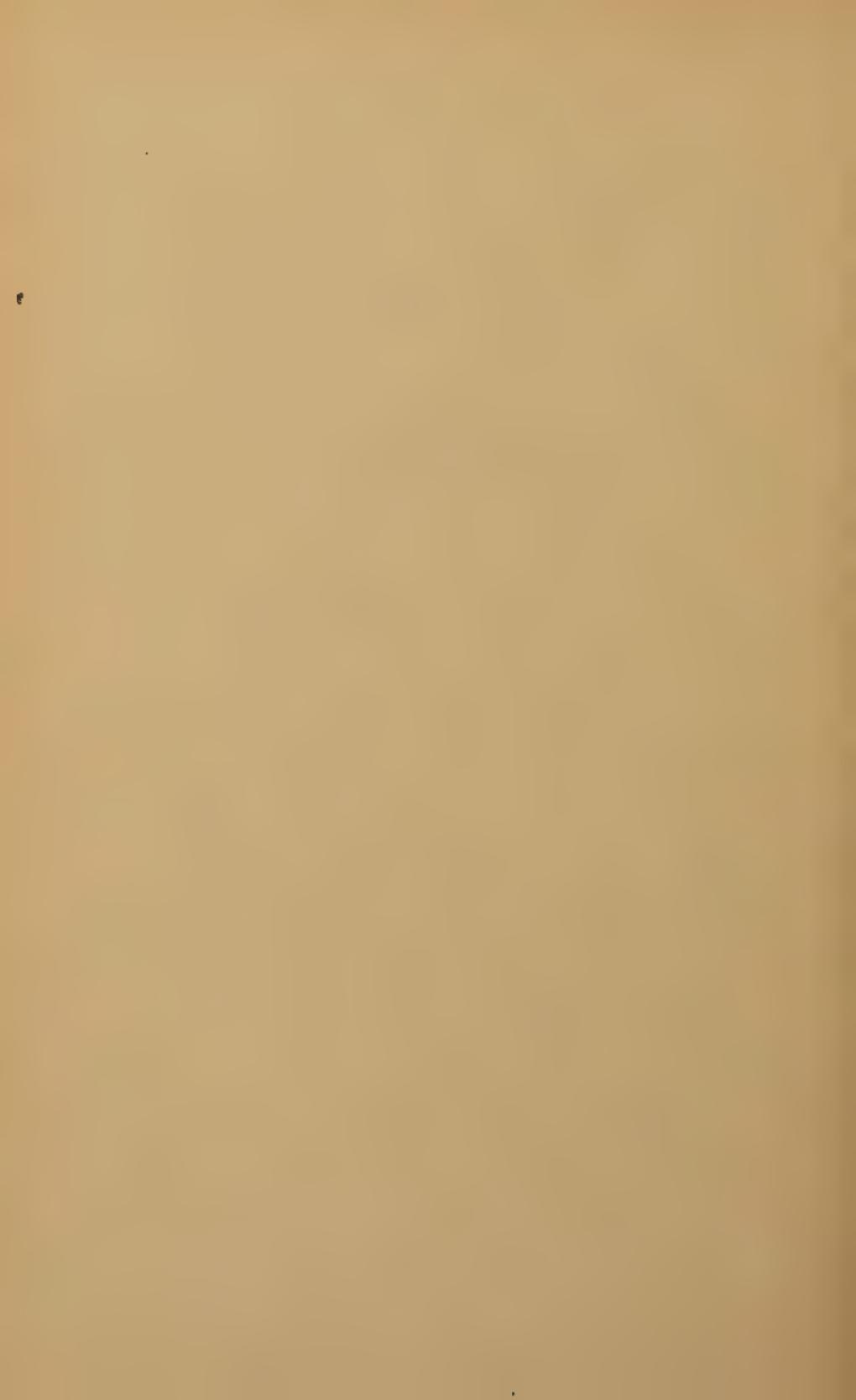
the city. This was removed to its present site in the Pieterskerk on August 10, 1819, upon the tearing down of the Vrouwekerk. A reproduction of the inscription is given at page 73. A translation follows here:

“Sacred to God the Best and Greatest, and to the everlasting memory of Joseph Justus Scaliger, son of Julius Caesar a Burden, descendant of the princes of Verona, a man who with unconquerable spirit, and in company with his father, that mighty hero, stood up against Fortune, and, vindicating his right, by lofty understanding, indefatigable toil, extraordinary learning, won back in the republic of letters, as if by fate’s decree, the dominion snatched away from his ancestors; but especially to his modesty, which forbade it to be done for him; the same who called him to this city, the wardens of the University and the burgomasters of the city, have erected a monument in this place. He himself left a monument eternal in the minds of men.”

The sepulchral slab, removed from the Vrouwekerk at the same time as the monument, is now in the floor of the transept at the historic Pieterskerk. This is the inscription, from which some pieces have been broken off at the right-hand corners:

JOSEPHVS. IVSTVS
SCALIGER
IVL. CAES. F.
HIC EXPECTO RESVRCTIONEM

AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF JOSEPH SCALIGER



AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH SCALIGER

I AM a tenth child, the last survivor of five brothers. I was born at Agen, in Guienne, in the year 1540, on the fourth of August, fourteen hours after noon: so that my birthday is reckoned the fifth of August, civil time. My natal year is notable in all chronicles and annals for fierce summer heats, and a vintage burned up by the sun. Only where the grapes usually are sour, as in Switzerland and other cold countries, the wine ripened marvellous well.

I was baptized in the church of Saint Hilary. Gérard de Landas, gentleman, my godfather, disliking his own name, gave me instead that of Joseph Justus. The former name, being more familiar, has clung to me, while few, save my father, have addressed me by the latter, even since I reached manhood. When I was eleven years old, my father sent me to Bordeaux, in company with my brothers, Leonard and John Constant. There for three years I studied the rudiments of Latin.¹ The plague then compelling my departure from the city, I returned to my father.

¹ From June, 1552, to July, 1555, at the Collège de Guienne. Interesting letters from the boys' tutors to Julius Caesar Scaliger are printed by Jules de Bourrousse de Laffore, *Jules-César de Lescale* (Agen, 1860), pp. 33-42. The tutor for the last year, Laurens de Lamarque, gave the lads some readings in Aristotle, while the charges

He, as long as I was with him (and indeed I was with him till his death), required from me daily a short declamation. I chose my own subject, seeking it in some narrative. This exercise, and the daily use of the pen, accustomed me to write in Latin. I was wont to take down my father's verses at his dictation. From the task I imbibed some savor of the art of poetry. So both in verse and in prose composition my progress was, for my age, satisfactory, perhaps to others, certainly to my father. Sometimes he would lead me aside and ask me whence I drew those ideas and embellishments. I answered him truly, that they were mine, and original. But he could not disguise from our friends his admiration for the first fruit of my intellect, the Tragedy of Oedipus. On this I had spent, so far as my youth permitted (for I was less than seventeen years old), all the ornaments of poetry and the resources of language.¹ And indeed, unless memory deceives me, that product of my immaturity was such that even my old age need not rue it.

In my nineteenth year, after my father's death, I betook myself to Paris from love of Greek, believing

which he sends the father for books that he buys for them give some notion of their progress: "The *Epistles* of Ovid for Joseph, 20 sols; . . . the *Sentences* of Cicero, 6 sols; *Epistolae ad Familiares*, 16 sols; a Greek grammar, 6 sols; a Horace, 6 sols; . . . two volumes of *Textor*, 19 sols; *Epistolae ad Atticum*, 28 sols; a Virgil, 15 sols; Melanchthon's grammar, 9 sols; Caesar's *Commentaries*, 10 sols; . . . a Portuguese dictionary, 30 sols; the Psalms of David, 12 sols; . . . a Justin, 6 sols; a Valerius Maximus, 9 sols."

¹ *Verborum delectum*. Cf. Cicero, *Brutus*, 72, 253, *verborum delectum originem esse eloquentiae*.

that they who know not Greek, know nothing. After attending the learned lectures of Adrian Turnebus for two months, I found I was throwing all my work away, because I had no foundation. I secluded myself, therefore, in my study, and, shut in that grinding-mill, sought to learn, self-taught, what I had not been able to acquire from others. Beginning with a mere smattering of the Greek conjugations, I procured Homer, with a translation, and learned him all in twenty-one days. I learned grammar exclusively from observation of the relation of Homer's words to each other; indeed, I made my own grammar of the poetic dialect as I went along. I devoured all the other Greek poets within four months. I did not touch any of the orators or historians until I had mastered all the poets.

I had devoted two entire years to Greek literature, when an internal impulse hurried me away to the study of Hebrew. Although I did not even know a single letter of the Hebrew alphabet, I availed myself of no teacher other than myself in the study of the language.

During those three years and after, I amused myself by writing a good deal of Greek and Latin verse. I translated a quantity of Latin verse into Greek, aiming not merely to write Greek, but to write it as a native. For today many write Greek verses that are praised, but few write them with that felicity which one demands in the Greeks. We could have published our translations with a statement of the age at which each was written, as Politian did in his short Greek poems,

which, for the most part, merited rather praise for youthful promise than publication by the mature Politian. But our unvarying dislike for self-advertisement restrained us from publishing our verses; though even now their issue would do us no dishonor. For I wrote them not to publish, but to indulge a lovely, mocking madness.¹ I aver that it is not my fault, if some verses have appeared without my wish or command.

I have made many notes on authors both Greek and Latin, from which there might spring a vast progeny of *Various Readings*, *Old Readings*, *Miscellanies*, and other things of this sort, the sport of the self-advertising philologists of today. Not that I think this sort of writing useless, or reprove any writer for it. That would be foolish. But I prefer that others should publish such things, rather than I. Yet, in order that our labors might bear us some fruit, we undertook the expounding and textual correction of entire authors. For we rightly judged that we could do this without any suspicion of self-advertisement.

If, as we are well aware, our work on these authors has not satisfied learned readers, my excuse is the whole desultory tenor of my life, and the lack of that leisure which is the chief nutriment of studies.² From the year 1563, when I became the companion of the noble Louis de Chastaigner de La Roche Pozay, even

¹ Horace, *Carmina*, iii, 4, vv. 5 f.

² Scaliger makes the same excuse in a letter to Isaac Casaubon, May 7, 1594, where he calls leisure *optimum studiorum coagulum*. *Epidstolae* (1628), p. 132.

to this day, I recall no time that I have had free from travel or from anxiety. The malevolent may know that I have always lacked the leisure for study which they have had in superabundance for slander. It is a monstrous thing that I have made many powerful enemies, not by private injury (for I am guiltless of anything that could offend an honorable mind), but through my ready desire to aid the cause of letters. I should be annoyed by the ingratitude displayed toward me, were it not evident that its motive force is rather spleen than critical judgment. Every day some exemplification of insanity, crime, or ignorance arises to defame me. It is my great comfort that hitherto every defamer has been characterized by one of these qualities, or even by all three at once; for it is reasonable to suppose that the qualities which they have censured in me are the exact opposites.

SCALIGER AT LEYDEN



~~Hoc quod auditor~~
Quae sunt dona tua, referam, miracula terrae
~~Dona~~, peregrinis hominibus
~~Geatibus~~ exteris non habitura fidem.

Omnia lanitium hic laßat textrina Minerua.

Lanigeros tamen hinc scimus abesse greges.

Non capiunt operas fabriles oppida nostra.

Nulla fabris tamen hec ligna ministrat humus.

Horrea triticea rumpunt hic frugis acerū.

Pascuus hic tamen est, non Cercalis ager.

Hic, ~~quum tot~~ Bacchus stipentus necesse collit,
Quia uineta colat, nulla putator habet.

Hic nulla, aut certe seges est rarißima lini.

Linificij tamen est copia maior ubi?

Hic medijs habitat agnis. quis credere possit?!

Et tamen hic nulla, dona, bibuntur aquæ.

CARMEN DE MIRANDIS BATAVIAE.

Facsimile from Scaliger's autograph manuscript.

SCALIGER AT LEYDEN

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SELECTIONS FROM HIS LETTERS AND FROM THE SECUNDA SCALIGERANA, 1594-1608

1594.

July 8.¹ To Isaac Casaubon. I have not yet made any definite plans as to my studies. I left my library in France, scattered in three places. When I shall cast eyes on it, and how long I am to remain here, are in equal uncertainty. The estates of Holland and West Friesland besieged me for two years, and, when they found their efforts vain, procured a letter from the king² to overcome my opposition and allure me hither. They ask nothing from me except to stay in this city and give them my presence. It was the king's letter

¹ Old style, as are the dates of the following letters, with the possible exception of that to Lipsius.

² The letter from Henry IV of France to Scaliger (December 3, 1591) is printed in the *Epistolae* (1628), pp. 807 f. The records, letters, and accounts connected with Scaliger's call to Leyden and journey thither are printed in *Bronnen tot de Geschiedenis der Leidsche Universiteit*, edited by Dr. P. C. Molhuysen, i, 1574-1610 (the Hague, 1913), pp. 65-77, 183*-285,* *passim*. Eleven previously unprinted letters of Scaliger to Hans Joostens, the courier sent by the University to conduct the new professor to Holland, are given on pp. 278*-282.* Joostens's account of expenses, amounting to 4437 gulden and 12 stivers, occupies pp. 275*-278.* I may quote a few items:

"29 Juing est arrive M. de Lescalle a Tours accompagné du filz de M. d'Aubin et sept serviteurs de leur suite et avecq 32 cavaliers

that changed my purpose. But I find this climate a little too severe to get used to at my age. Already my health is affected, and I fear it will grow worse rather than better as long as I remain here. Yet twenty days ago I vied with all the young men in soundness and activity of limb. Farewell.¹

1595.

September 7. To John of Olden-Barneveld. It is the space of two years, your Excellency, since the persuasion of the Estates brought me to Holland, which I preferred to love of my native country. May I tell you what weariness I have endured in that interval of time, in the search, still vain, for some householder to take me into his home, at any price, and board me? What need of words? I have now been crawling through the whole town for a year,² and going from

et valetz a cheval pour convoy et ont despendu en chemin tout ensemble 160 g.

“Le dit jour a un chartier qui at amene les coffres de Lescaille de Prully a Tours 24 g.

“2 Jullet ay paye aux hostes des ‘Trois Trompettes’ et du ‘Bon Conseil’ pour la despense des 32 cavalliers susditz avecq leurs vallets pour 2 jours et demy de leur despense 236 g. 15 st.

“10 Jullet a nostre partement de Tours paye pour la despense de M. de Lescalle et d’Aubin, leur gens et de 9 chevaux, comprins les extraordinaires, qu’il ont faict par divers gentilhomes et gens de lettres qu’il a invite, ensemble paye 422 g. 16 st.”

¹ *Epistolae* (1628), pp. 133 f.

² *Totum oppidum iam annum perrepto.* During Scaliger’s first year at Leyden (1593–94) the University provided him with board and lodging at the house of Jonkheer Bartel Brandt (now Rapenburg 40–42), paying Brandt therefor and for the entertainment of Scaliger’s two young friends and two servants the sum of 1300 florins.

bad to worse. As a last resort, I have thought of finding in myself the householder whom I am seeking elsewhere, hiring a house, and getting furniture. Yet for this there is needed, not exactly the wealth of Croesus, but more than I have at hand. Therefore if I desire to maintain this new establishment from my resources alone, I am obliged, so far as I see, to make a loan and to be in debt, which is the worse because the indebtedness will continually increase. But it is a small matter to speak of. This inconvenience can be avoided, if I may obtain from the most excellent Estates a house or its yearly rent. I think no one except you will obtain this for me. Therefore by the love which hitherto you have bestowed upon us, I beg that you aid us in this affair. I admit that it is not a thing of such great weight that it ought to delay the serious business of the most excellent Estates. Nor yet is it so weighty as to compel their Mightinesses to deny so just a request.¹

1597.

February 11. To Casaubon. I wish I could do as I pleased: I would become your neighbor at Montpel-

Molhuysen, *Bronnen*, i, pp. 269* f. A. E. J. Holwerda, "Joseph Justus Scaliger," *Nieuw Nederlandsch Biografisch Woordenboek*, v (Leyden, 1921), p. 662, erroneously supposes that this arrangement was a permanent one.

¹ *Epistolae*, p. 652. Scaliger had written Olden-Barneveld a previous letter to much the same effect on February 23. *Epistolae*, pp. 651 f. His petition to the Estates is printed by Molhuysen, *Bronnen*, i, p. 361.* On September 14 the Estates of Holland and West Friesland voted him a yearly subsidy of 200 florins toward house rent.

lier. But I have long perceived that I was not born for myself, nor my possessions for me. What ought you to think of a man who has his lands in Agénois, his books in Touraine,¹ his home in Holland? He who suffers so multifold a division can be nowhere a whole man. I have a house, I hire lodgings. I have a library, I use the books of others. I am of noble family, it is doubted and contradicted. I have devoted myself to letters, I am an utter ignoramus. Seek no other witnesses: it is the universal testimony of those who desire the excellencies which they deny to us. . . . Here the clouds drive me indoors; you enjoy clear skies and pleasant landscapes in winter. In a word, I envy you. Yet I have no reason to complain of this most humane folk. The kindness of these people is such that in these wild regions I lack no delightfulness of my Garonne. And, so far as I see, I shall end my days among them, if that is the will of the great Father of all. For he alone directs our course. Meanwhile I am growing old.

¹ We must not suppose that Scaliger left all his books in Touraine. The account of Joostens mentions payments "for two boxes made to carry the books of M. de Lescalle, 33 g. 10 st.;" "to a carter who brought Lescaillle's boxes from Prully to Tours, 24 g.;" "to the carter who brought the boxes and books and baggage of M. de Lescalle and M. d'Aubin from Tours to St. Denis, 43 crowns, 129 g.;" "to a carter who brought the boxes and baggage from St. Denis to Dieppe, 50½ crowns, 151 g. 10 st."; and seven further charges for transportation and handling of baggage between Dieppe and Leyden. Four 'chariots' were required to transport Scaliger's party and luggage from the Hague to Leyden, at an expense of 12 gulden, besides 12 stivers "pour charger et decharger le bagage." Cf. Everard van Bronhorst, *Diarium* (the Hague, 1898), pp. 62 f.

To the troubles which age brings is added the harshness of this climate, lest we have but a single road for the hurried journey to death.¹

April 26. To Casaubon. I am well. As I enter upon old age, I lack nothing for health and soundness of body, save teeth, which, because of the excessive moisture of this climate, fall out, whole and sound, without injury and without any suffering on my part.²

August 18. To Casaubon. My work *De Emendatione Temporum*³ could not appear at this fair.⁴ For its completion there were lacking the index, which is now done, and the prefatory matter, which will be put forth shortly.⁵

1599.

September 30. To Justus Lipsius. Accept our Manilius born again.⁶ May that Virbius have a refuge in your grove!⁷ The Gembloix codex, though it healed many of his wounds, yet left dislocated joints. Whether we

¹ *Epistolae*, p. 143.

² *Epistolae*, p. 146.

³ First edition, Lutetiae, 1583, repeated, Francofurti, 1593; second edition, Lugduni Batavorum, 1598, "castigatius et multis partibus auctius, ut novum videri possit."

⁴ The half-yearly book fair at Frankfort.

⁵ *Epistolae*, p. 147.

⁶ Scaliger's first edition of the *Astronomicon* of Manilius was printed at Paris by Robert Estienne in 1579. In the second edition he was aided by a collation of the best manuscript, that of the monastery of Gembloix, made by Jacobus Susius. See the prolegomena of this edition, p. 6. The title page of the second edition, published by Christopher Raphelengius at the Plantin shop, is postdated 1600.

⁷ Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, xv, vv. 543-546.

have restored them to their proper places, of that you shall be the judge, my Lipsius. We detected many formerly, but one prodigious dislocation of fifty-four verses in the third book had remained hidden.¹ In that was concealed the whole purpose of the author and the outline of his design.

Were it not for this good woman, there would remain little hope of sending this book to you; so few are they who make a practice of going to you.² Accept therefore this little gift, which seeks an access to you not through its merit, but through your love to me.³

1600.

April 19. To Casaubon. Know that I enjoy the excellent and constant health of a wrestler and athlete. Yet my sixtieth year warns me that I must make ready for the uncertainties of human affairs. For this I shall gird myself not unwillingly; and shortly I shall draw up the terms of my last will. I follow Him that calleth. He will not find me unprepared. Farewell, my special friend.⁴

1601.

January 27. To Casaubon. Five days ago I wrote my testament with my own hand, making my last arrange-

¹ This is the passage which in the edition of 1579 extends from line 3 of page 69 to line 30 of page 70; in the second edition, from line 14 of page 72 to line 1 of page 74, inclusive. I have corrected *non latuerat* of the printed text to *latuerat*.

² Lipsius was at Louvain.

³ *Sylloge Epistolarum*, ed. Pieter Burmann (Leidae, 1727, 5 vols.), i, pp. 242 f.

⁴ *Epistolae*, p. 163.

ments not only for my mother's property but also for the trifles which I have here. To my friends I leave a part, rather as a testimony of my good will toward them than as anything that would deserve the name of legacy. I feel relieved of a great burden, in that it occurred to me to make my last will before a sudden illness drove me to it or a superior power deprived me of the opportunity.¹

April 24. To Casaubon. Were it not for all those troubles, to which every good man is exposed in France beyond all other lands, I should long since have betaken myself and my Muses² to my stronghold in Guienne, that I might at least spread my pallet in that retired spot where my father, of whom Guienne was not worthy, wrought out so many books. You do not know, my Casaubon, how great a longing for that cottage possesses me. Yet I have no reason for wishing to abandon this honorable leisure which I enjoy; while France, ever a stepmother to natures that love peace and quiet, offers a prospect that is wholly unpropitious to me. But I will endure. And I will regard Holland, where I prosper, as a mother, and Guienne, which has deserved the worst of me, as a stepmother.³

1602.

July 27. To Casaubon. I have sent on the index.⁴ I have forbidden that mention of me be made. For the

¹ *Epistolae*, p. 167.

² Cf. Cicero, *Brutus*, 50, 187.

³ *Epistolae*, p. 170.

⁴ To the great *Inscriptionum Romanarum Corpus*, in two folio volumes, edited by Jan Gruter at Scaliger's request and in large part

edition is all Gruter's; I only contributed my work as a servant. The index itself is the soul of that body.¹... That task kept me intensely occupied for ten continuous months. But it taught me many things, and I have lessened the labor of others by my own.²

1603.

February 19. To Gerhard Elmenhorst. I am the more anxious concerning your illness, because I know that it accompanied you hither, and that you did not take it from this climate, which, although sharp and rigorous, is not so productive of diseases. Few Frenchmen and foreigners who remove hither suffer loss of health.³

March 17. To Gerhard Elmenhorst. In my last letter I requested you to get for me through your friends, who are in business at Bremen, the booklet of a certain monk of Cluny, written in heroic and rhymed verse.⁴ It begins as follows:

Hora novissima, tempora pessima sunt, vigilemus.
Ecce minaciter imminent arbiter ille supremus.

on the basis of his collections, and published by Commelin in 1602. Scaliger's index, in twenty-four sections, comprises over 200 large folio pages. Portions of his autograph manuscript of the index are preserved in the Leyden University Library, Codd. Scal. 11 and 77.

¹ As Professor George Foot Moore has shrewdly remarked, "It requires more scholarship to make a good index than to write the book that is indexed." Address at the reception of the Harvard Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, October 2, 1925.

² *Epistolae*, p. 204.

³ *Epistolae*, p. 502.

⁴ The book sought by Scaliger is the second printed edition of the famous twelfth-century poem *De Contemptu Mundi*, written by 'Bernardus Morlanensis' (Bernard of Morlas, or of Morlaix), a monk of

You will lay me under a very great obligation, if through your efforts I obtain the book. . . . Pray remember that monk (he is Bernard of Cluny).¹

1604.

January 7. To Casaubon. I returned your chronological excerpts, because I copied them with my own hand. If you knew how many days and nights I have spent in mere copying of books, you would pity me. But still the old man's bodily strength, eyes, and mind suffice.

Our Eusebius² is being printed in handsome enough form. But the hugeness of the work is such that to others its appearance may seem tardy. Moreover, the printing office that I was able to get is learning its trade by this experience. For hitherto they were printing nothing except short pieces, theses, and boys' books.³

What you wrote in a recent letter concerning our Index to the Collection of Inscriptions, is true: that

Cluny. It was first printed in 1557, at Basel, by Flacius Illyricus, in his *Varia Doctorum Piorumque Virorum de Corrupto Ecclesiae Statu Poemata*. The second edition, the first in separate form, was prepared by Nathan Chytraeus and published at Bremen in 1597. On this edition see S. M. Jackson, *The Source of "Jerusalem the Golden"* (Chicago, 1910), pp. 26-39. Chytraeus appears to have been ignorant of the previous publication of the poem by Flacius.

¹ *Epistolae*, p. 503.

² The *Thesaurus Temporum*. Cf. Mark Pattison, *Essays* (Oxford, 1889), i, pp. 163-171.

³ Cf. *Epistolae*, p. 255: "Nihil enim antea praeter Theses aut puerilia rudimenta excudere sciebant."

there will be few who will consider the industry, labor, vigils which we have bestowed upon it, or the profit and utility that may be gathered from our labors. For it is the equivalent of a whole book.¹

June 10. To Casaubon. I rejoice with you over your wife's restored health. I was very sorry to learn of her illness. May God preserve her for you; she is quite indispensable to your household, your studies, and your children. I, poor old man, lean upon the slender support of one servant² and his wife. At their nod my household stands or falls.³

August 15. To Casaubon. Know that in this old age nothing is dearer to me than to learn.⁴

October 7. To Casaubon. For two entire years a raging pestilence has oppressed this unhappy city. Yet, though it carries off many every day, the city seems no less populous. Indeed, it appears to me that the more people die, the greater are the numbers in the city. The University has a very large attendance, and the dreadful carnage keeps none away. All around me stand the houses of mourning; I am separated from death only by the thickness of the walls. Amid these woes I await the will of the God of mercy, who from my boyhood even unto this day has shielded me from great perils, though I am a heedless man, and from

¹ *Epistolae*, pp. 231 f.

² Jonas Rousse, whose loyal services and fidelity Scaliger praises in his will.

³ *Epistolae*, p. 241.

⁴ *Epistolae*, p. 242.

want, though I have nothing. I am filled with wonder whenever I reflect upon it. That I still draw the breath of life, that the civil wars of France did not carry me off, that without any property I have lived well, that in danger I yet survive, this is to me a greater miracle than to see men at Rome elevated from poverty to the top by the perpetual jests of Fortune.

If that best, greatest, and most merciful Father, who alone sustains me, prolongs my days to the end that I may be able to welcome you here next spring, — if, indeed, you do not change your mind about setting out, — then am I blest, who shall see that which many things, that I may not say, did not allow me to hope for. But if you plan to come to us, I advise you not to do so before the month of May. For in these territories departing winter leaves many traces until then, nor do the footprints of spring appear until after the star of Taurus is almost spent.¹ Yet, if you choose, you may come even in midwinter. We will overcome the winter by a brightly blazing hearth. Never shall the fire go out in your chamber, which I will prepare for you, though it will have no adornment except yourself. You will find furnishings poor, indeed, but clean, and a cellar of pure salt,² and before all a heart most devoted to yourself.³

¹ Cf. *Epistolae*, p. 248: “nihil deformius his regionibus esse usque ad pene confectum sidus Tauri.”

² Horace, *Satirae*, i, 3, v. 14.

³ *Epistolae*, p. 245.

1605.

September 20. To Casaubon. When I attempt to answer your last letter, I am surrounded by so many things to do that I hardly have time to breathe. I can not make you believe how busy I am kept by men who demand that I answer their letters, and who think themselves insulted if I do not write. Among these the Germans are the worst. If I do not reply to them, they complain that they are held in contempt; so that some of them have forcibly extracted letters from me. Nor indeed is this the only occupation that presses me, since now and then I am able to apply myself to more important matters that are sometimes brought to me from a distance. But the most difficult task that I have imposed upon myself is that of copying Syriac, Arabic, and Hebrew books that are temporarily in my possession. Already I have completed no small part, despite my age, which is foolish to call voluntarily other troubles than those which it brings with it. But I shall win the victory, if it be God's will, and profit those who possess my library after me.¹

1606.

Conversations with Jean and Nicolas de Vassan, students at Leyden. I have been here thirteen years. I am well, except that I have lost my teeth. Here one may dis-

¹ *Epistolae*, pp. 274 f. Many of the manuscripts of Scaliger's legacy, copied in his own beautifully clear and neat handwriting, are still among the most prized treasures of the Library of the University of Leyden.

turb a neighbor without punishment. Here my neighbors shout, I can't hinder them; they drink from early morning on a fast day. Nuts are very dry here. Neither flesh nor fruits have the same flavor as in France or Switzerland. Leyden is round and very populous.¹ It is a swamp in the midst of swamps. There is here the great advantage of the Library, so that the studious can apply themselves to learning. . . .

The Dutch are tall and slow. They wash the streets, and are dirty in their eating and drinking. They are villainously ungrateful. The Dutch bargain and make contracts, father with son, over their affairs, they would not be willing to have given anything the one to the other. . . . In this country everything is permitted, as at Venice, provided one says or does nothing against the state. . . . There are some good people in this country; but there is no country in the world which has more need of the chastisements of God. They spend in one day all that they have earned during the week. . . . The country people, men and women, and almost all the servant girls can read and write.²

¹ The Leyden of Scaliger's day, despite the additions of 1294, 1355, and 1389, occupied a comparatively small but densely crowded territory, reaching only to the Galge Water and the Old Vest on the north and the neighborhood of the Veste Straat on the east. The extensions of 1610 to the north, and of 1644 and 1659 to the east, brought the old enclosed city to its full extent, though modern suburbs are now spreading out beyond the moat in all directions.

² *Secunda Scaligerana* (Amsterdam, 1740), pp. 425 f., 380 f.

1607.

January 24. To the brothers Jean and Nicolas de Vassan. I now have in hand my father's huge work of commentaries on the *Historia de Animalibus*.¹ I shall go to work on it as soon as possible after I move into another house. For these commodious quarters, in which I have dwelt ten full years, have been sold. The present scarcity of houses in this city is so great, because of the vile medley of races immigrating hither, that tenants think they fare well if they are able to get a mere hut. My affairs have come to such a pass that I shall be compelled to dwell in narrow lodgings, when I have had abundant room here for so long. I shall hardly have a place where I may get together my whole library. Yet this change must be endured. You are indeed happy that no necessity for removal hangs over you.²

¹ Two copies of these commentaries and his Latin translation of the *Historia de Animalibus*, one in Julius Caesar Scaliger's own hand, are among the Scaliger manuscripts in the Library of the University of Leyden, Codd. Scal. 34 and 54. The autograph copy bears the subscription, "Gratias tibi domine Iesu et tibi mater semper virgo. Explavi die 17 Decembris 1538 altera die quam pes incepit dolere et equites Regis Navarrai recensebantur in armis." Joseph Scaliger hoped that Heinsius would complete and publish the work. But he did not do so, and it was edited by P. J. de Maussac, and published at Toulouse in 1619, from a copy made long before, probably by Silvius Scaliger, eldest brother of Joseph. Cf. Maussac's preface, and W. N. Du Rieu, in *Handelingen en Mededeelingen* of the Maatschappij der Nederlandsche Letterkunde te Leiden, 1881, pt. 2, p. 129.

² *Epistolae*, p. 495.

January 27. To Casaubon. As I write this, I am in great anxiety because I am obliged to move from this house, which I have occupied as a tenant for an entire decade.¹ The buying disease has so gotten into men's heads that I shall have to move to Veii,² if all the houses are sold to outsiders, as now commonly happens here. You would laugh at my anxiety, if you knew. Honestly, I tell you, never has so great a craze for buying possessed the minds of men. And now Leyden shall be, not a University, but a workshop or a synagogue.³ Later I will write more.⁴

May 27.⁵ To Casaubon. So far as I see, it is in vain that we look for you here, though every one said that you were to come hither with the envoys.⁶ I would write you of the troubles that moving into this house⁷ has brought upon me, did I not fear that it would be as distressing to you to read of them as it was to me to suffer them. First I should have to tell the intermi-

¹ See above, p. 38, note 2.

² An allusion to the proposal that the Romans should remove to Veii, urged both before and after their own city had been burned by the Gauls. Livy, v, 24, 49-55.

³ *Proseucha Iudaeorum.*

⁴ *Epistolae*, p. 301. Apparently by March 22 Scaliger had engaged another house, *vel potius gurgustiolum*. *Ibid.*, p. 304.

⁵ Dated 1606 by error in the printed editions.

⁶ The French envoys, headed by Pierre Jeannin (cf. p. 81, below), to the conferences which resulted in the Twelve Years' Truce.

⁷ According to Du Rieu, p. 92, this was “‘the Bunch of Grapes’ (*Druiventros*), one of the small houses which later were made into the double house now [1881] occupied by Professor Rauwenhoff.”

nable tale of Vacerra's baggage procession.¹ Next, of the repairs I had to indicate to the owner of this dwelling, unless I was willing to suffer patiently the loss of my library. When it rained, the whole house dripped like a leaky pot. For the last forty days all my time has been taken up by domestic cares. I have spent every spare minute in checking over my library. A great fear had seized me that something would be missing, since there were so many books and such great confusion. Verily, I was long confirmed in that apprehension by the difficulty or hopelessness of finding those things which did not come to view as I rummaged about. I thought they were pretty completely lost, if they did not appear when so often sought. At last, thank God, there is nothing to mourn, except long labor spent in search.²

October 13. To Casaubon. When I consider how many years I have left behind me, how few remain for me before the end, I devote my whole thought to preparations for the departure. And, first, I have cancelled my former will and drawn up a new one.³ I have made my sister heiress of my estate. To my friends I have left from my trifles something as a remembrance of us, a testimony of my love rather than of wealth. I can not enrich them, since this is in accordance neither

¹ Martial, xii, 32: "Ibat tripes grabatus, et bipes mensa," and the rest.

² *Epistolae*, p. 290.

³ I have restored sense to the passage by the obvious emendation *novum confeci* for *nihil confeci*.

with their desires nor with my means. I should have liked to bestow upon you a better or a larger gift than that which I leave as a legacy. Yet I hope it will be as acceptable to you, as it will be honorable to me, that I remember you even in my last will.

I consider that a good beginning is half an ending. It remains that I turn my mind to setting the rest in order. Wherefore at this age, when it was already time to seek a discharge, I am copying with my own hand all the material in foreign languages that was scattered through my library, or that I could procure from elsewhere for love or money. Two years ago I copied a Syriac lexicon accompanied by an Arabic translation.¹ The author of the book is Jesus bar Aly. Five days past I completed a Persian also, with the rules of grammar. . . . I am bequeathing the choicer books in Oriental tongues to the library of this University, now intrusted to the charge of Heinsius.²

November 13. To Marcus Welser. Last evening our Mylius informed me that he had learned from your letter that I was dead at Prague. I do not suppose, my dear Welser, that it makes any great difference to me whether I am dead somewhere else, so long as I am alive here.³

¹ Cod. Scal. Orient. 213. Cf. R. P. A. Dozy, *Catalogus Codicum Orientalium Bibliothecae Academiae Lugduno-Batavae*, i (1851), p. 58.

² *Epistolae*, pp. 311 f.

³ *Epistolae*, p. 375.

1608.

March 7. To Federico Ceruti. The great rigor of the winter did not permit me to make the prompt reply that I wished to your last letter. Ice closed not only the great rivers which flow through this country, the Waal, the Rhine, and the Maas, but even the great Frisian Gulf, which they call the South Sea.¹ Therefore we have not been able to get out to the neighbouring countries, nor could others come to us from thence. This severity of the season has kept us denned for nearly three months, like wild beasts in a cave. In France, Zealand, Bohemia, and almost the whole North men have frozen to death in the roads. I am telling you the truth, not fables. So far from my being able to send any letters to you, there was no possibility of writing even to my Frenchmen, who are not far away. The old men of these regions, when they go over the memory of former times, declare that they neither remember themselves, nor have heard from their fathers, any example of such a cruel winter. . . . I have arranged that from Germany one copy of my Eusebius be delivered to Welser, and then, as you directed, to Italian merchants at Bolzano.² But this edition is disfigured by such abominable errors that I am forced to prepare a new one.³ I hope this will be in the near future.⁴

¹ *Australe Mare*, Zuyder Zee.

² German, Botzen, or Bozen; an important commercial town in the Tyrol, a meeting place for merchants from Italy and Germany.

³ See p. 67, below, with p. 68, note 1. ⁴ *Epistolae*, pp. 667 ff.

April 14. To Casaubon. Winter has not yet ended here. As I write, I am so chilly that not even a fire can thaw me out.¹

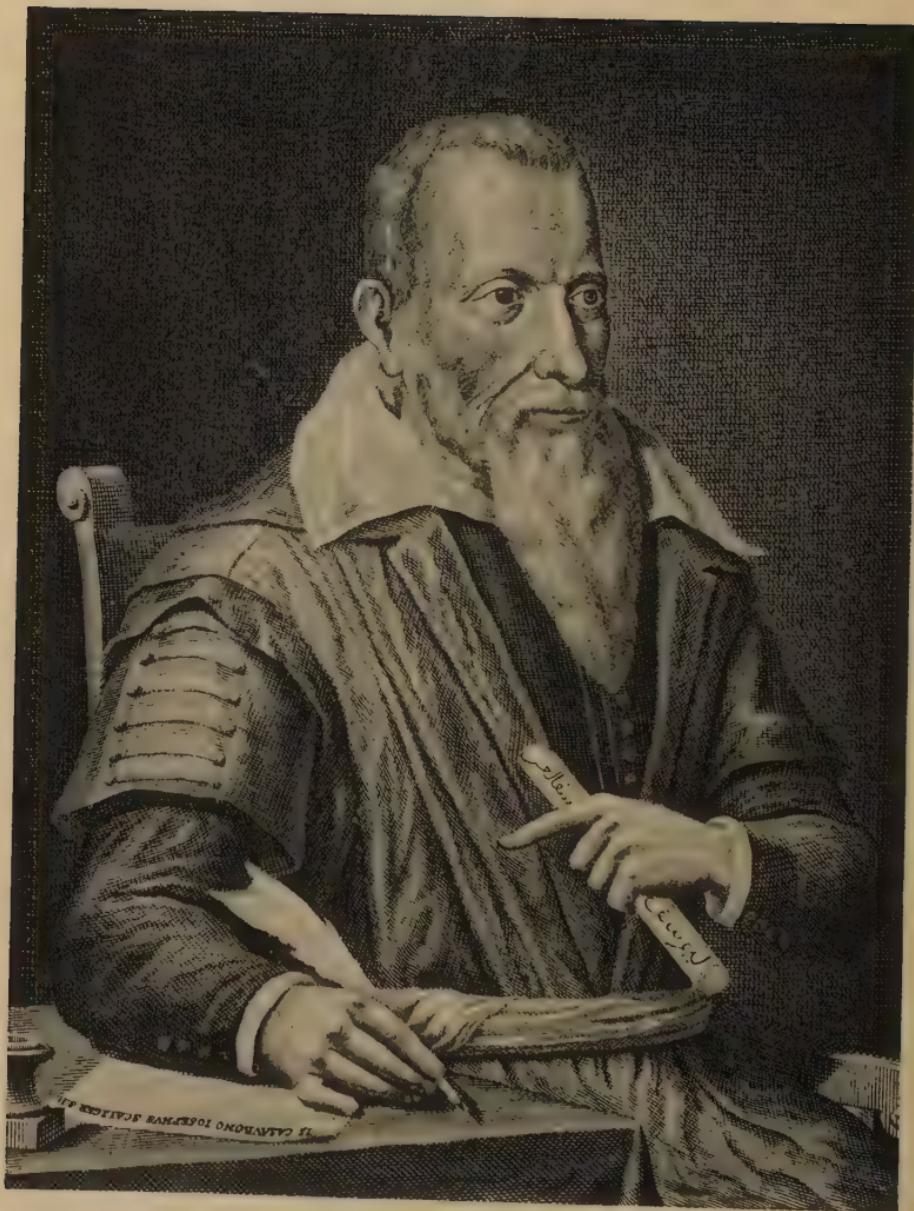
August 19. To the brothers Jean and Nicolas de Vassan. Please accept, dear young friends, the *Confutatio Burdoniani Dramatis*.² I know you are most friendly to the name of Scaliger. Therefore I do not doubt that the little book will please you, if indeed it does not irk you to spend a few hours in reading it. I am not able to write you a longer letter: partly because I have no news; partly because, at the time I write you, I have contracted an illness; if God the Best and Greatest restore me from it, you shall have a longer letter. Farewell.³

¹ *Epistolae*, p. 318.

² *Confutatio Burdonum Fabulae*, Scaliger's reply to Scioppius's outrageous *Scaliger Hypobolimaeus* of the previous year.

³ *Epistolae*, p. 498.

TESTAMENT OF JOSEPH SCALIGER



PORTRAIT OF JOSEPH SCALIGER.

From the engraving by J. de Leeuw, made from a water-color portrait of Scaliger painted shortly before his death.

TESTAMENT OF JOSEPH SCALIGER

IN the name of the Triune God, the Alpha and Omega. Since every one is under obligation, while it is lawful for him in this life, in view of the uncertainty thereof, to leave his folk a testimony of his last will, and to give directions for the disposal of his goods after his decease:

I, Joseph della Scala, son of Messire Julius Caesar, being in my right mind and full understanding, have written with my own hand this declaration of the final disposition of my affairs.

And before all things, I return thanks to God that it has pleased him to disperse the darkness of my understanding by the beams of his truth, and not to let me moulder away in the deep sleep of superstition. And therefore I pray our Lord Jesus Christ, his Eternal Son from all eternity, sole support and pledge of our salvation, to give me grace that I may be able to stand fast in this tenor of faith even unto the last moment of my life, so that when I am delivered from this prison of the body,¹ cleansed from my iniquities by his most precious blood, it may please him to receive me into his rest, and into the joy destined for every faithful Christian; for which I am waiting, I believe and hope,

¹ Plato, *Phaedo*, 62 b; Cicero, *De Republica*, vi, 14; *Tusculanae Disputationes*, i, 30, 74; Lucan, *Pharsalia*, vi, v. 722.

stablished upon his promise, notwithstanding the innumerable sins that compass me about.

And since my means are greatly diminished, as well by the perfidy of some of my household as by the injury of the civil wars, whence I am so reduced as to be able to dispose of only a little property, as well in this country of Holland as in Guienne, the place of my birth and of my patrimony; nevertheless of my goods all and several I make my sister, Anne della Scala,¹ my universal heiress, as to all my goods, movable and immovable, which I may or do possess in Agénois. But if she come to die before my decease, I put in her place her son Joseph Charrier, and similarly after him his cousin german Marguerite de Cantarel, daughter of my sister Bertrande.

¹ Anne, Joseph's eldest sister, succeeded to the arms and headship of the house of della Scala, Lescalle, or Lescale on his death; Silvius, the only brother who married, left no offspring, save a daughter who died childless. Anne married (1) Jean de Charrier, January 4, 1562; (2), after his death in 1570, Pierre de Caritan. By her will of April 21, 1619, she made her son, Joseph de Charrier, her heir, "on condition that he bear the name and arms of Lescalle." Joseph de Charrier made a legal declaration of assent to this condition on September 24, 1620, after his mother's death. The claims of the house to the name and arms of Lescale of Verona were acknowledged by a letter of Louis XIV, issued December 20, 1671; and the Lescales continued to occupy a respectable position among the noble families of Agénois, until the death of the last representative, Mademoiselle Victoire de Lescale de Vérone, January 25, 1853, at the age of seventy-six. Jules de Bourrousse de Laffore, *Jules-César de Lescale* (Agen, 1860), pp. 32, 45 f.; Adolphe Magen, "Documents sur Jules-César Scaliger et sa famille," in *Société d'Agriculture, Sciences, et Arts d'Agen*, 2^e série, iii (1873), pp. 161-276, especially pp. 212-221 (will of Julius Caesar Scaliger), 238-268.

As to that which I possess in this country of Holland, if it is the will of God that I die there, I bequeath to Jonas Rousse my steward ¹ all the movables that I have here within, every utensil of tin, copper, brass, andirons, pots, boilers, all sorts of kitchen furniture, plates, porringers, dishes, side dishes, all the wooden ware, wooden bedsteads, chests, arks, cases or wardrobes, tables, sideboards, chairs, stools, and benches; bed linen, table linen, shirts, clothing of woollen and of silk, bed coverlets and furnishings and carpets; similarly all that shall be found after my death of provisions, as wine, beer, salt meat, firewood, and turfs; at the same time all the shelves that are mine, as those of my library: which the said Jonas Rousse shall have for his loyal service and the fidelity which he has always shown me even unto the present. And know that the said Jonas may do what he pleases with them, either keeping the said movables, or selling them for the money which he shall gather from the sale, to support himself, his wife, and his children.

Item, from the money which he will find in the chest of my chamber, I bequeath to Anna my young chambermaid ² thirty florins in one payment, besides the yearly wages that she receives from me.

Item, from the same bag of specie which will be

¹ See p. 46, above. The University student book shows that Jonas let lodgings to students after his master's death. Du Rieu, *op. cit.*, p. 126.

² 'Anna Scaligeri,' like Jonas, later provided lodgings for students. Du Rieu, *loc. cit.*

found there, I bequeath a hundred florins to the poor of our French church,¹ in one payment.

From the rest of the money let there be paid the cost of my funeral, which I direct shall be conducted as inexpensively as possible, with the excision of all superfluity and vanity.

I owe nothing to living man, and yet, thank God, my creditors have not come to my door to ask me for payment. However, if through oversight or forgetfulness, or other cause, there remain anything to pay, let it be provided from the money of the said bag; whereof that which shall remain clear, when all charges have been paid, let Jonas Rousse take it for himself and make it his own.

Regarding the library, which, for my small means, I leave well stocked, I bequeath to the University of this city of Leyden all my books of foreign languages, Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, Ethiopian, which books are contained in the catalogue which I have added to the Latin copy of this my testament, and which I intend to be a part or appendage of my said testament, or to serve as a supplement in the form of a codicil. The catalogue of all the books of my library, of which I distribute among my friends those that I have seen fit, in a list signed in the presence of a notary before witnesses, which list I wish to have the force of a codicil, is in my green desk, on which I am accustomed to write.

I have set apart my father's writings, including the

¹ See p. 25, above.

Commentaries on Aristotle's *De Historia Animalium*.¹ These Commentaries I beg Mr. Heinsius to consent to read carefully, and to revise, and, after correcting the copy, to publish, furnished with such prefatory matter as shall seem good to him.² And if it befall that the said Mr. Heinsius is not able to have them printed, I wish that they be preserved in the Library of the University of this city of Leyden, until a man fitted to perform this task is found.

The other writings which shall be found after my death, as well my father's as mine, I neither wish nor permit that they be published, inasmuch as they are incomplete and without any arrangement; or that they be handled by any one; or that they be read outside the Library of this University.

As to the books which shall remain after Messieurs Mylius,³ Heinsius, Baudius, and my other friends have removed those that will have been selected for them, I wish that Jonas Rousse sell them at auction,⁴ and

¹ See p. 50, above. Besides Julius Caesar Scaliger's autograph manuscript of the Commentaries (Cod. Scal. 34), the Leyden University Library has in his hand Cod. Scal. 18, several works of Galen and some original poems, and Cod. Scal. 27, containing *adversaria* and excerpts from Latin writers.

² See p. 50, note 1.

³ Cornelius Mylius, or Cornelis van der Myle (1578–1642), Dutch statesman, son-in-law of John of Olden-Barneveld, a former student at Leyden and at the time of Scaliger's death one of the wardens of the University.

⁴ Jonas sold the books at auction on March 11, 1609, at the Elzevir shop. The printed sale catalogue has been preserved. Alphonse Willems, *Les Elzevier* (Brussels, 1880), p. lvii. The auction comprised 1382 works, nearly half in folio or quarto, and classified as follows

that the cash proceeds of the sale thereof be entirely his.

Regarding this little that I have of wrought gold or silver, I bequeath to Mr. Isaac Casaubon,¹ submaster of the library of the king, a cup of silver plated with gold, with its box, which Messieurs the Estates of Zealand gave me.²

Item, I bequeath to my cousin, Jacob Secondat des Rocques, Esquire, Seigneur of Montesquieu,³ gentleman in ordinary of the king's chamber, lieutenant of

(the classification being, presumably, Scaliger's own): theology, 169; law, 40; medicine and philosophy (including natural science), 133; mathematics, 71; history, 252; philology, oratory, etc., 278; poetry and poetics, 264; books in the vulgar tongues (French, Italian, Spanish, German, Dutch, English), 175. Baron de Reiffenberg, "Bibliothèque de Joseph Scaliger," in *Le Bibliophile Belge*, iv (1847), pp. 229-233.

¹ The standard biography of Casaubon is Mark Pattison's *Isaac Casaubon, 1559-1614* (2d ed., Oxford, 1892).

² This cup appears again in Casaubon's will: "to that sonne who walkinge in the feare of God shalbe fitteste to sustayne my family I doe giue the Cup of M^r Scaliger of moste happie memory aboue and besides that portion which shall fall to him." Pattison, *Casaubon*, p. 468.

³ First Baron of Montesquieu, and great-grandfather of the celebrated philosophic historian. His grandfather, Pierre de Secondat, Seigneur of La Fleyte, Roques, etc., was cousin german of Andiette de La Roque Loubéjac, wife of Julius Caesar Scaliger and mother of Joseph. It is a most interesting fact to note in the records of hereditary genius, that Joseph Scaliger and Montesquieu thus trace their lines of descent from a common ancestor, Bernard de La Roque, a member of the *petite noblesse* of Guienne, who died in the year 1518 or 1519. H. G. O'Gilvy, *Nobiliaire de Guienne et de Gascogne*, ii (Paris, 1858), pp. 252-260; Bourrousse de Laffore, *Jules-César de Lescale*, pp. 10-14.

the regiment of M. de Chastillon,¹ my chain of gold, with a medal of the United Provinces as a pendant.

To Mr. Daniel Taffin Torssay I give a medal of gold, weighing thirty-three crowns, attached to a ribbon of black silk, together with a ring attached.

I bequeath another medal bearing the portrait of the Seigneur Zamoski, grand chancellor of Poland,² to Mr. Hugo Grotius, advocate fiscal of Holland.

To Miss Elisabeth de Bricquemaut,³ my good girl, being in the service of Madame the Princess of Orange,⁴ I bequeath my two salt cellars of silver gilt, with a silver fork, and a dozen spoons, and all my porcelain ware.

To Mr. Heinsius, professor in the University, I bequeath and give my basin and ewer of silver.

The golden medal of the Most Christian King Henry

¹ Gaspard III de Coligny (1584–1646), count of Châtillon, grandson of the great Admiral Coligny. He commanded a regiment of French troops in the service of the United Provinces. Cf. *Lettres de Louise de Colligny*, ed. Paul Marchegay (Les Roches-Baritaud, 1872), pp. 34, 55, 56, 71, 84; Scaliger, *Lettres françaises inédites* (1879), p. 371.

² John Zamoyski (1541–1605), grand chancellor of Poland from 1576, the Polish Warwick, who secured the elevation to the throne successively of Henry of France, Stephen Báthori, and Sigismund Vasa; withal rector of the University of Padua, humanist, and writer on Stoic philosophy.

³ Probably of the illustrious Huguenot family whose chief representative in history is the brave soldier François de Beauvais (1502–72), Seigneur de Bricquemault. She is mentioned in the *Lettres de Louise de Colligny* (1872), pp. 50, 58, 69, 70.

⁴ Louise de Coligny (1555–1620), Dowager Princess of Orange, daughter of Admiral Coligny and widow of William the Silent. See *Lettres de Louise de Colligny*, ed. Marchegay (1872); *Louise de Coligny, Lettres à H. La Tour*, ed. Auguste Laugel (Paris, 1877).

IV, now reigning, I bequeath to my crony, Doctor Everardus Vorstius.¹

I give two pieces of gold chain in the form of bracelets to Master Charles Labb  ,² advocate in Parlement, in testimony of the infinite pleasures which I have received from him.

Item, of the three silver platters, for serving comfits at the table, I give the first to Mr. Francis Rapheling,³ the second to his brother Justus,⁴ the third, which is gilt, to Mr. Baudius.

The two birds of Paradise I give to my very dear friend, Mr. Clusius.⁵

The large quire of China paper I give to Mr. Gomarus,⁶ doctor and professor of theology of this

¹ Aelius Everardus Vorstius (1568-1624), professor of medicine at Leyden from 1598. His portrait and life are in Joannes Meursius, *Athenae Batavae* (1625), pp. 199-203.

² Charles Labb   de Monv  ron (1582-1657), French jurisconsult and philologist, specially endeared to Scaliger by his services as a transcriber from the manuscripts of the Royal Library at Paris. Scaliger, *Epistolae*, pp. 577-635; *Lettres fran  aises in  edit  es*, p. 354; Pattison, *Casaubon*, pp. 183 f.

³ Franciscus Raphelengius, son of the famous printer and professor of Hebrew of the same name, studied at Leyden, annotated Seneca's *Tragedies*, and wrote Latin poetry.

⁴ Justus Raphelengius also studied at Leyden and wrote Latin verse.

⁵ Carolus Clusius (1524-1609), professor of botany at Leyden from 1593. His portrait and life are in *Athenae Batavae*, pp. 185 ff.

⁶ Franciscus Gomarus (1563-1641), professor of theology at Leyden from 1594 to 1611, leader of the Gomarist or Anti-Arminian party in the Dutch church. *Athenae Batavae*, pp. 175 ff.; Molhuysen, *Bronnen*, i, p. 77 (his call to a professorship at a salary of 800 florins), *et saepe*.

University. The rest, which will be found in a large drawer in the case or wardrobe which is in my chamber, I leave to Jonas Rousse.

Item, I leave my portrait, which hangs by the chimney of my chamber, to Miss Marie van den Berch, governess of Mesdames the Princesses Palatine,¹ of old my hostess.

Of my two portraits made by Daniel the painter,² which will be found rolled up in my chest, I bequeath one, corrected by Everard, to the Library of the University, and the other to Jonas.

Let the portrait of my father in wax,³ which is within a small box, be delivered to the master of the Library of this University, to be put in a safe place, where it can not be handled and damaged by too much contact.

Item, I beg Mr. Gomarus to give directions that my Eusebius be reprinted, following the copy corrected by me, for I am ashamed of the horrible mistakes which the printers left in it. But before deciding on the edition, he will first speak of it with Jehan Commelin and Jude Bonnenuit his nephew. If they undertake the work, the said Mr. Gomarus will require

¹ Elizabeth Charlotte and Louisa, daughters of the Elector Palatine Frederick IV and Louisa Juliana of Orange, daughter of William the Silent by his third wife, Charlotte of Bourbon. Elizabeth Charlotte married George William of Brandenburg and became the mother of Frederick William, 'the Great Elector.'

² *Epistolae*, p. 593; Du Rieu, pp. 112 f.

³ Du Rieu, p. 99.

them to use all possible despatch in its completion. If they do not, then he will be free to have the book printed wherever it shall seem good to him.¹ There shall be given to the said Mr. Gomarus an unbound copy of my Eusebius, which Jonas will deliver to him, in order that he may be able to write out neatly the corrections which I have marked in my book.²

Item, I leave some books of those which I have composed, corrected by my hand and enlarged, which Mr. Heinsius can deal with and correct according to his judgment, and have them reprinted if he sees fit.³ But if they can not be printed, let them remain enclosed in the Library of the University. Of the rest of my writings, I am by no means willing that any should be published, as I have indicated above, unless in selections. So let them all be put into a cask of my

¹ In *Petri Cunaei et Doctorum Virorum ad eundem Epistolae*, ed. Pieter Burmann (Leidae, 1725), there is preserved a letter of excuse from Gomarus to Cunaeus as rector and to the whole University Senate, dated March 24, 1632, throwing the blame for the delay in the appearance of the new edition on the Commelin heirs, Abraham and Isaac, and particularly on Isaac. The revised edition at last appeared in 1658, published by Joannes Janssonius at Amsterdam, with Alexander Morus as editor.

² Evidently a clean copy, in sheets, for transcribing Scaliger's corrections in form convenient to the printer. The transfer of his annotated desk copy is assumed.

³ Heinsius gives a list of these in his *Orationes Duae*, p. 98. New editions actually appeared of the *Poemata* (1615), the *De Emendatione Temporum* (1629), and Manilius's *Astronomicon* (1655). On the "Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius auctior et castigatus," see Bernays, *Scaliger*, p. 229.

father's writings,¹ and locked up in the Library of the University.²

I bequeath to the Library of the University my two large globes. The other two I leave to Jonas. I give to the said Jonas my silver salt cellar, which I use every day, the spoon with a forked handle, the boxes which I carry in my pockets, with the scent-apple, all of silver, my swords and pistol.³

I beg my cousin, Mr. Secondat de Rocques, that he cause a copy of this my testament to be placed safely in the hands of my sister Anne della Scala in Guienne, or in the hands of him or those who shall be my heirs, according to the substitution which I have made therein. Which testament is identical with that which I have written in Latin, of the same tenor and provisions. If my cousin is not found here, it can be put into his hands in France, at the court, or the place where he shall be found.

I pray my very dear and old friends, the Messieurs Rapheling, to be the executors of my testament.

This is my last will and ordering of my affairs, signed by my hand, which I wish to be carried out in its entirety.

¹ Du Rieu declares that he has been able to find no trace in the Leyden Library of this *tonnelet des escritures de mon pere*. But see p. 63, note 1, above.

² See the *Codices Scaligerani*.

³ Jonas sold with the books the globes, sword, and pistol; also Scaliger's mathematical instruments and maps, and two desks. Baron de Reiffenberg, *op. cit.*, p. 231; *Codices Scaligerani*, p. viii, note 1.

May the Lord Jesus, Father of our salvation, give me grace to die in him, and in the confession of his truth. Amen.

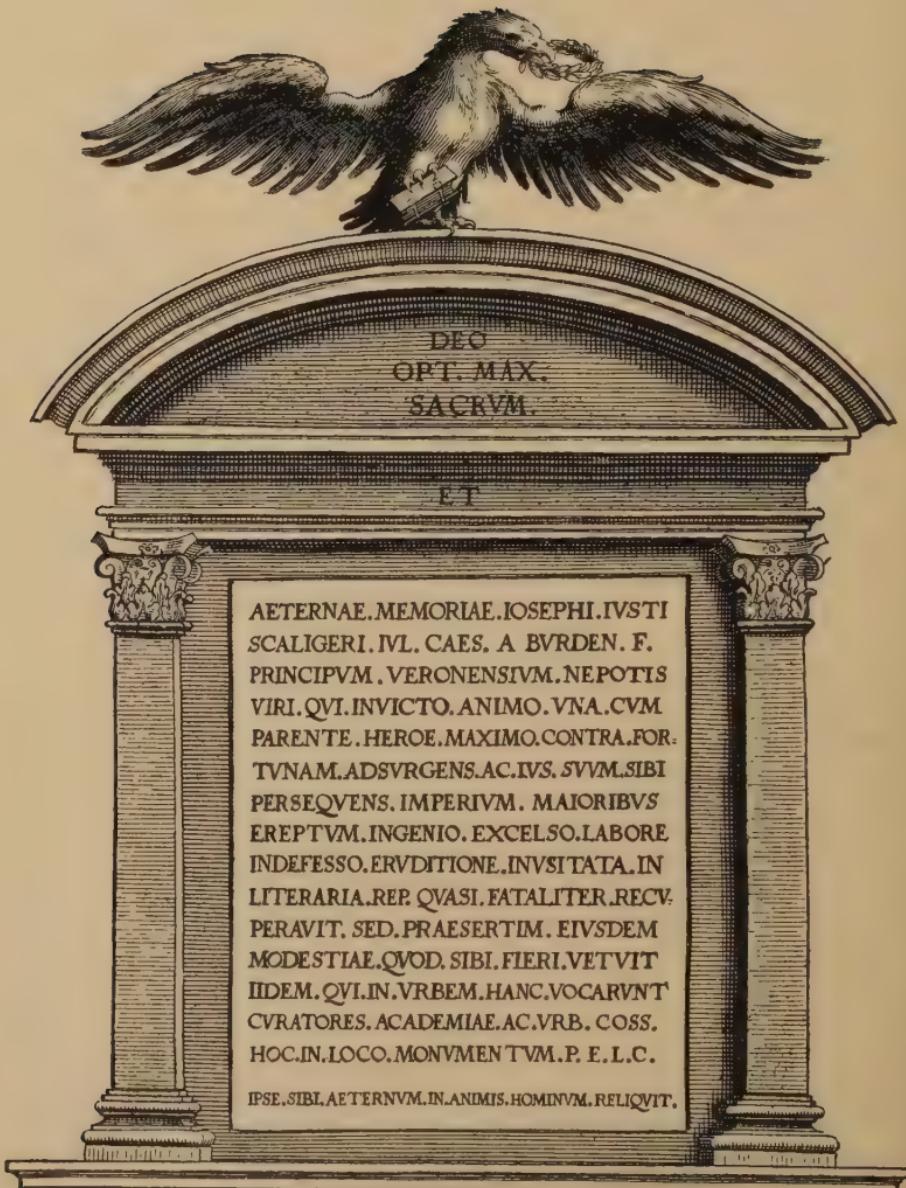
Joseph della Scala. Done in my house,
 this eighteenth of November,
 1608.

In the name of God. Amen.

FUNERAL ORATION
ON THE
DEATH OF JOSEPH SCALIGER

BY
DANIEL HEINSIUS

DELIVERED IN THE HALL OF THEOLOGY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEYDEN,
IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE OBSEQUIES, 25 JANUARY, 1609



THE SCALIGER MONUMENT AT LEYDEN.

From an anonymous contemporary engraving.

FUNERAL ORATION ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPH SCALIGER

THAT all created things perish, and that there is nothing immortal in the world, save the power of mind and the works of the understanding, are the particular lessons of this day. To earth, to earth we have committed Joseph Scaliger's poor emaciated body, the narrow house in which that great spirit, prince of letters, tarried sixty-eight years as a distinguished guest: in which he produced so many splendid works, so many divine monuments, so many writings that shall ever live with all posterity. Though by this death I feel myself so broken in spirit and maimed, that if voice by tears, mind by very anguish oppressed become dumb, I believe that I deserve all men's indulgence: yet I fear lest some great and honorable men, who in all lands are wont to employ the name of Scaliger, not as that of a learned man, but as the appellation of learning itself, may accuse me of unadulterated rashness and presumption. Their charge I neither reject, nor am able to evade: so far from it, that I perceive I have no defence left against them, except piety. Must an oration on Scaliger be delivered? I see many of my colleagues, men of distinction, none who is not my superior in learning. Must it be adequate to his dig-

nity? Then indeed I fear that all must be silent! But since also of heavenly things many speak daily, not trying to add praise unto them, which is either superfluous or impertinent, but leaving the admiration of them free to all: so for us the mere mention of his virtues shall suffice, but we shall leave the commendation in detail to those who are prodigal of their judgment, or who have less accurately compared the weakness of their own powers with his greatness. If he had set great store on noble birth, he was of the blood of kings and princes; if on the deeds of his ancestors, none could have numbered more trophies, more victories in the same race; if, finally, he had wished to be esteemed for the lofty spirit which was conspicuous in the stock of the Scaligers, he had as witnesses all histories, all annals; nor could he turn his eyes to any place where he did not find the praise of his house. But indeed the spirit above fortune, the mind eager for immortality, the understanding fit for all sciences, the unresting nights and days were vexed by the desire for eternal fame: which by a fatal and secret law draws the power of the understanding to itself, away from the pursuit of perishable things, away from the dust and dirt of human life. To such fame he was led, not by some pedagogue, not by a common scholmaster, not by a hireling, but by him whose name I cannot mention without veneration and awe, by the incomparable and divine hero, Julius Scaliger: that he might have the same man as the author of his nobility, of his life, and of his reputation. For when that grand old man,

oppressed by poverty and the envy of his folk, saw nothing left except the splendor of race, a hard load for unfortunate men, he resolved to close accounts with the harshness of the fates, and, living quietly, to preserve only the consciousness of that noble birth which he could no longer support. Though he had made many campaigns, and in youth had not been able to ripen quietly at home, without constant action, that untamed courage which nature implants in heroes, at last he devoted himself wholly to those arts which he taught his son in a manner worthy of himself. Of this work and labor he received such great reward, that when he considered the talents of the boy, he could never restrain his tears. For the very sight of the child admonished him of the ruin of his race, to which Fortune, when she had struck her hardest, had left greatness of understanding and loftiness of spirit rather for pain than for consolation. For as fire by transfer is not quenched, but commonly blazes fiercer: so in those two men the deprivation of rank, the loss of ancestral wealth and dominion, quickened the generous flame. So that even then our Joseph seemed to design a new principality: which indeed, I will say, no matter what prince hears me, he has at length obtained.

In the nineteenth year of his age he went to Paris, and in that city he bound his spirit by a most audacious vow. For perceiving that the sciences have certain metes and bounds, but judging it to be the mark of a narrow spirit to tarry within a single science, first since the memory of man he undertook to range through

all disciplines together with languages. But as he had learned that Greece is the mother, and as it were the fountain head of all sciences, he wholly neglected the pursuit of pleasure and speedily mastered that language. Such was his eagerness, such was his swiftness in acquirement, that, neglecting the trifles of the grammarians, except as he formed his own grammar from the reading of the poets, he learned Homer complete in twenty-one days, the rest of the poets within four months, and the other writers within the space of two years. This heavy task performed, he began the sacred tongue. I remember to have often heard from his lips, that when he lived in Paris, at the time when that famous and shocking massacre was raging, he sat so intent upon his Hebrew that for some time he heard neither the clash of arms, nor the groans of children, nor the wailing women, nor the shouting men. Allured by the marvellous sweetness of these languages, while continually, like a fire, his ardor for learning grew, he acquired in succession Chaldean, Arabic, Phoenician, Ethiopic, Persian, and especially Syriac. Similarly he directed himself with great spirit to philosophy and mathematics. At this period the name of Cujacius excelled in weight and fame; all acknowledged his primacy in the law. With him Scaliger dwelt five years, in such wise that he wholly blotted out from his spirit the enjoyment of literature, and with his teacher, who became his friend, clave undividedly to the comparison of laws. And lest anything should be lacking, while he diligently studied the writings of the theologians, and

particularly of the ancient ones, he staid a long time at Geneva because of Theodore Beza. What shall I say of great Hippocrates, some of whose treatises, formerly printed at Paris, he illustrated with notes;¹ whose Aphorisms, imitating Celsus, he translated into Latin?²

Equipped with this erudition, with learning so unprecedented in a single man, as soon as he began to unfurl the sails of understanding and to display that omniscient memory of his, and to make trial of fame with favorable breeze, at first all were astounded, nor did they speak longer as of a man, but as of some new monster. Theologians, lawyers, physicians, but especially those acquainted with the best literature, applauded vehemently, clung to him, and seemed unable to praise him enough, either for their own satisfaction or for his deserts. Some called him "bottomless pit of erudition," others "sea of sciences"; some "the sun of the learned," others "the divine offspring of a divine father," others "the child of the gods"; some "perpetual dictator of letters," others "the greatest work and miracle of nature," some "nature's last effort," some one thing, some another: whose selected

¹ See Bernays, *Scaliger*, pp. 239, 284.

² I have not yet found this translation. Not to give the tedious details of a long and baffling investigation, I am at present inclined to believe that Heinsius is here in error; and that his error (if it be one) arises from a misunderstanding of Scaliger's part in Opsopoeus's edition of the *Aphorisms* and other works of Hippocrates in 1587, *Corn. Celsi versione calce subdita*. The book contains some notes by Scaliger (cf. Bernays, p. 284), but the translations are not his.

testimonies, in concise form, we shall publish together, that the jealous may perceive the unanimity of the learned. At last, by too great merit, and, as he himself judged, by the immoderate praises of others, he began to earn the dislike of the wicked. But indeed, — let them rage, let them be angry, let them mingle heaven and earth, the ignorant who know not to judge of such great erudition, or the malevolent who cannot bear it, — he has left no more certain mark of his merit than envy. For if we consider the Scaliger princes, his ancestors; whose family, as all bear witness, stood twelve hundred years, who in power, victories, martial renown, superiority of spirit and body, surpassed even their peers: none among them all endured envy so great, as our philologian (for so the facetious term him) and unfortunate antiquarian sustained. There was never a wicked man who could bear his virtue, or an ignorant man who could endure his knowledge; and (to repeat) that he provoked the wicked, that he boldly scorned the ignorant, are alike proofs of his divine and extraordinary superiority. For as glory from virtue, so from glory, jealousy and envy must be expected. And if any one so fears envy, as to think that he must forsake the royal road of virtue lest he might displease any of the wicked, he is a traitor to his colors and a deserter. And indeed he is on the road to deserve universal contempt, who dares not bravely uphold the praise of the good: which one must renounce once for all, or else with unconquerable spirit wage war against the powers of evil. He who is not able to do this, let

him prepare to depart unto some solitary spot, where he need not even behold the sight of any great man; and let him spend the remainder of his life in the pursuit of pleasure alone. There let him have his thoughts, there his spirit, there all the hope of his life. In the bosom and embraces of harlots, among drunkards himself more drunken, let him pass all his days heavy with intoxication or surfeit: but let him not expect malice and envy; not without reason did God and nature make these things inconsistent. For as in battle he who throws away his shield and gives divorcement to valor, is in a little while trampled on by men and beasts, and perishes under feet: so he who cannot bear envy, must bear contempt, which succeeds without delay to the place of virtue. To me indeed jealousy and malice seem the meat and viands of great souls, and as it were a kind of sustenance; and often I have admired our poets, the first authors of wisdom. For whenever I behold their Hercules, who is put forward by them as a perfect example of merit; whenever I consider that back which they are wont to bestow upon him, those sinews, that chest, those muscles: truly I judge that the men were divine, who, that he might become such a one, designated Envy as his nurse: by whose frequent blows he might be hardened as in a school of exercise; by whom irritated as long as he lived, at length, having obtained immortality, he mounted to heaven. Indeed as the wind, if it wander in open air, perishes by that liberty and is diffused; but if it be confined within the bowels of the earth, it

moves earth itself and escapes with violence: so they in whose hearts that generous blood has glowed prefer, in Envy's presence, to burst a passage to eternity, rather than to journey quietly. Nor does there seem a better way for heroes to rise to heaven than on the shoulders of scoundrels. If this ever chanced to any, assuredly it was to our hero: whose understanding, picked from the purest fire, could not return to its source without the aid of these calumnious blasts. Before he went, he owed the world many works: which, whenever he joined conflict with wickedness, and gave rein to his most righteous anger, he wrote with a spirit greater because provoked. Often by calumnies, often by falsehoods he had to be reminded of his own character: that from the bitterness of hatred he might understand his greatness, and reflect upon his race; from which, when he lost the rest, he retained nothing, save Envy, greater than a private citizen's lot. That pledge of most noble stock, this inheritance he received from princes and kings; this inheritance he preserved with unconquerable spirit even to the last breath; this pledge at last, by the fame of his name, by the integrity of his life, he extorted from wickedness itself.

I will not speak here of his moral character. I will pass by his remarkable continence, temperance, sobriety. But who does not admire in our hero the matchless and divine constancy of spirit? When once he had joined this party,¹ he could not be prevailed upon by any prayers of adversaries, by any promises,

¹ The Protestants.

by any honors, even so far as to be willing to give any one a hope of his conversion: lest even by the least suspicion he might seem to have failed in the duty of a pious man or an honorable citizen. Be assured, most illustrious auditors, that there is nothing more powerful than ambition, especially when it has invaded an elevated and lofty spirit. It ruins everything, it destroys everything, it storms the bulwarks of the mind more strongly than all artillery and engines; nor is it wont to regard anything except itself. And as they say that bull's blood softens adamant, so the firmest counsels totter at ambition's touch. But Scaliger bore a mind absolutely free from the power and dominion of this quality. What now shall I say of his contempt for riches? Most of us who are here know, some even saw, that the illustrious and most noble man, Pierre Jeannin, president of the Parlement of Dijon, counsellor to the king of the French, and now ambassador to the Netherlanders, true glory of the toga, and patron of the Muses, when he had twice ordered in vain that a great sum of money be offered him, at length came to this city a few days before his death, and added his own authority and entreaties to the gift: and yet he did not obtain that our old man should permit, even when asked, that which others are wont to desire. By this high deed, it seems to me, he dealt a staggering blow to Fortune herself, and drove from his house and gates that fickle jade, who had merited so ill of his ancestors, and vigorously ordered her to mind her own business. I think that he wished before his death, then already

close at hand, to leave to friends some illustrious example of his merit, which could be calumniated more easily than imitated by adversaries: of whom there is none so perfectly wise, that he does not prefer to contemn the glory of Scaliger rather than to copy his virtues. I should have more to say, did I not know there are some who cannot listen undisturbed even to what I have spoken.

Something must now be said of his services to the University. Nearly sixteen years have passed since the illustrious fathers, curators, and consuls of our city, amid the arms by which they were then beset, amid unparalleled and unremitting struggles for liberty, snatched her Palladium from France, and called to this city, at a liberal salary,¹ the foremost name in Europe (for so they rightly judged). That day seems to me, as our former curator, Janus Dousa, wisely said, the second founding of our University. For the liberal disciplines and their students had lost their leader, Justus Lipsius, a man of an eloquence most pleasant indeed, but inimitable, and, as he himself judged, not even to be attempted by others; while most of the students, carried away by unhappy emulation of the distinguished Lipsius, and now abandoned by their teacher, — whose writings they preferred to imitate feebly, rather than to believe his just warning, — fool-

¹ Twelve hundred florins a year, presently increased to two thousand when it was feared that he might be induced to return to France. Molhuysen, *Bronnen*, i, pp. 65, 77, 183*f., 282*f.; British Museum, Burney Ms. 371, fol. 31 (letter of Francis Vertunien to Scaliger). See also p. 37, above.

ishly desired to follow models which they could not successfully copy; and from these causes the study of literature had entered upon a great crisis. If any one wished to write in Latin, dead words were fetched from as far back as Pacuvius and Ennius; sentences hopped along; a lean and jejune speech, juiceless and meagre, broken by some short phrases and plays on words, or by abrupt clauses and short questions, occasioned nausea and disgust. You would have said it was stage players, or an unfortunate train of the halt, who, while the choregus is busy within, entertain the spectators to the accompaniment of a flutist, and when sometimes, with the greatest effort, they attempt to jump, are more likely to fall than to go. If any one had emended a single passage of Nonius or Festus, had restored a letter or syllable in one place, ejected one in another, and had valiantly performed this trifling play without solid knowledge of facts, he appeared to have captured Troy. And yet — please gods and men! — they called these Critics. That great Apollo staid this contagion and pestilence by the mere impression of his arrival. By unaffected dignity, speech masculine and strong, a majesty of style his own and, as it were, hereditary, he inspired the poor wanderers with shame. He united so many arts, languages, disciplines, and sciences, that if a philologian must know all those things, truly I can affirm to you that no one after him will be a philologian; and indeed that the rest, all who despise letters, know far fewer things. To pass by all lesser works, he published in this very city the book which he wrote on

the Emendation of Chronology (for the former edition was nothing to the second).¹ Of this work no one was ever competent to judge without assistance. An old man, near his end, he published that immense and Herculean work,² in which he revises the Chronicle of Eusebius, notes the errors of all historians and chronographers, illustrates all ecclesiastical and profane antiquity. We have seen the illustrious and venerable old man so intent upon this work, that often, when I had visited him in the morning, I would discover him at evening in the same spot. Neither food nor drink, and sometimes not even sleep, could in any way recall the attention of his mind from his purpose. If he had aimed at nothing but glory, he could have given cart-loads of notes on all authors. These notes, scattered at random and dispersed, he did not even deign to collect, and shared with his friends without reserve. And some are found, who dare to blame him because he delivered no lectures from the platform; as if indeed there are not also some among us who wrote nothing. Now a lecture is heard by the audience and presently perishes; while writings are perused by the whole world, and, if genius and painstaking are added, never die. No one can fail to know that his house was as it were a kind of oracle and shrine, to which all were wont to come, who were uncertain about words or facts. Men of all ranks, of all ages used to come: except those who

¹ *De Emendatione Temporum* (1st ed., Lutetiae, 1583, repeated, Francofurti, 1593; 2d ed., Lugduni Batavorum, 1598). See above, pp. 41, 68.

² *Thesaurus Temporum* (Lugduni Batavorum, 1606).

preferred to contemn merit rather than to admire it. Whom can the wicked or slothful blame, if Scaliger could not teach them the things which they were not willing to learn from him? Or why do they demand from the innocence of the illustrious man the punishment of their own negligence? Why should I recount the heavy burden of letters, and labor of writing, by which almost alone he often complained that his day was destroyed?¹ Frenchmen, or Germans, or Italians, or Englishmen sent him some question every day, to which he had to reply. For no one doubted that there was one man in this city, who without any trouble could make clear matters of which all men throughout the world were ignorant. There was, there was that time, when in a single house of this city one man was master of more languages than any one in Europe. There was, there was that time, when the house of one man in this city was the Museum of the whole world: when distant Maronites and Arabs, Syrians and Ethiopians, Persians and some of the Indians had in this city the man to whom they could unfold their thoughts through the interpretation of language. All these things, except his name, are now quenched, overthrown, destroyed: nor is any solace left, save from his kingly liberality. For since he could serve the University no more by his presence, he left to it all his foreign manuscripts.² Having these, we now challenge all libraries in this department. But, great hero, the more splendid we all acknowledge this gift of thine to

¹ See p. 48, above.

² See p. 62, above.

be, the more do we recognize our weakness. For as none was able even to move the weapons of Achilles slain, so all shall behold thy armory of wisdom, perhaps no man will ever use it all. But that too shall be a token of thy greatness. For we shall look upon all volumes there left as spoils from human ignorance and envy, and in their contemplation the secret memory of thy great name shall inflame our mind and spirit: and they who are unwilling to proclaim thy praises shall still be compelled to admire thy erudition.

But thou, O lofty soul, who, free from thy weaker part, now dost triumph over malice, over fortune, and finally over death itself, which, with unmoved countenance, with great courage, without moans or lamentation, thou didst bravely look upon during its long approach, and at last endure; who with utmost delight didst steal away that spirit of thine, derived from kings and princes, from a world ungrateful, and unable to bear the majesty of thy race in thy condition: now liberated unto thy dignity, thou wanderest through the immeasurable spaces of the air; now the glory which men preferred to envy the living, they will at least yield to the dead. Whatever of thee any one could hate, a part the power of disease gradually consumed; what remained from disease, earth now holds. Thou shalt be on the lips, in the mind of all: and the greatness of thy name shall be bounded by the whole world; the duration of thy fame, by the vast profundity of time. Farewell, true and last offspring of the Scaligers! Farewell, blood of heroes! Farewell, prince of

letters! Farewell, victor over Envy! Farewell, conqueror of monsters! Farewell, farewell, and adieu forever! But if anything of human thoughts is left in thee, if thou still cherishest regard for thy friends, if of him who has ever honored thee as parent and teacher, whom thou art wont to call the first-born of thy sons, to whom from thy most sacred inheritance, which uprightness did not allow to be greater, thou didst wish some part to come, to whom thou didst commit thy writings, that is, the orphans of thy understanding; if of him thou, established in light, amid the rejoicings of thy kin, yielding thy whole being to the embraces of thy Julius,—if of me, of me, I say, thou canst still have memory, O father, accept this last gift, which I offer thee with sorrow of my life, with tears, with mourning and lamentation. As for me, orphaned of the best of parents, robbed of my teacher, deprived of the most delightful witness and patron of all studies, I shall go on, amid enemies of letters, and disgraces to the human race, to wallow in the mire of calumnies and malignity, until I am united with thee and with eternity itself. And ye, noble, illustrious, distinguished men, and ye, excellent and chosen youths, never in this hall shall ye see the august countenance of Scaliger. When ye see this place empty of his body, reflect that the University is empty of all his sciences and virtues.

I have spoken.

FUNERAL ORATION

SPOKEN IN HONOR AND
MEMORY OF THE
GREATEST OF MEN

JOSEPH JUSTUS SCALIGER

BY

DOMINICUS BAUDIUS, J.C.
AND PROFESSOR OF HISTORY IN THE ILLUSTRIOS
UNIVERSITY OF LEYDEN

FUNERAL ORATION
IN MEMORY OF
JOSEPH JUSTUS SCALIGER

LANGUAGE fails vast events. The spirit cannot unfold itself when encompassed and weakened by great sorrow. Would that it might be permitted me to seal with the veneration of holy silence the grief

Which now torments me, fix'd in my vex'd heart! ¹

after the example of that sagacious painter, who, though he excelled in art, was yet richer in understanding:² he is said to have covered by a veil that which he despaired of equalling with the brush.³ But our voice cannot be silent today without violation of piety. Again, I might desire that there should fall to my lot an oration worthy of that great man on whom our mourning sadness now bestows the last office of humanity. But such a prayer oversteps human fortune itself, not to say our mediocrity. Yet to the spirit sick with pain it is consolation and relief, that in difficult things the very attempt, though below

¹ Ennius, *Annales*, quoted in Cicero, *De Senectute*, 1. Here, as in other instances below, which it would be tedious to discuss one by one, Baudius does not hesitate to make such verbal alterations as may be necessary to fit the quotation to its new context. *Quae* becomes *Qui; te, me; and fixa, fixus.*

² Perhaps rather ‘power of invention.’

³ Timanthes. Pliny, *Naturalis Historia*, xxxv, 73 f.

what is due, though unequal to one's wish, merits praise, and

That piety hath reach'd its limit.¹

Therefore your courtesy will give ready indulgence to a speech lacking eloquence and staggering under the load of admiration.

In the beginning of the most mournful service which I have to render to the honor and memory of the high hero, Joseph Scaliger, I will quote a memorable saying of Metellus Macedonicus. He had often been at political enmity with Scipio Aemilianus during the latter's life; but on being informed of Scipio's death, the story goes, he exhorted his own sons, men who had enjoyed splendid honors, in these words: "Go, sons, attend the obsequies, never shall ye see the funeral of a greater citizen."² As ye see, the man of antique honesty, and worthy of Roman nobility, bore a shining witness of glory to an enemy, and effaced from mind the recollection of former rivalry that he might remember merit alone. In like manner may we now speak out our opinion without fear of flattery. Never did the time of our ancestors see, never shall years to come behold a man superior to Scaliger, either in splendor and antiquity of race, or in holiness and innocence of character, or in admirable science and most accurate knowledge of the liberal arts, or in all harmony and unanimity of praise. If land of birth or rank of family have any power to win just veneration

¹ Ovid, *Ex Ponto*, iv, 8, v. 38.

² Pliny, *Naturalis Historia*, vii, 144.

for lofty minds, what is there in the world more excellent than the kingdom of France? What can be mentioned or imagined more honorable than the house of the Scaligers? Although a fertile subject of discourse unfolds, in which it is more easy to find a beginning than to keep within bounds and make an end of speaking; yet because, fortune's flattery aside, our hero deserves to be reckoned rich in his own wealth and strong in his own strength, I shall pass by this part in silence, content with the bare mention of his parent, a man of whom I cannot speak sufficiently highly, and of greatness unexampled, had he not become the father of a son greater than himself.¹ Though in general it has been provided by nature, that

Brave are born of the brave;
 ... nor do fierce eagles
Engender the unwarlike dove:²

yet when ancestral glory has been carried to the loftiest summit, too often that fact produces negligence, and has the result that the descendants prefer to rest on the renown of their forefathers rather than to augment it by their deeds and advance it further. Many through idleness quickly consume whatever favorable fame and reputation has been previously acquired. The august merit and talents of Julius Caesar Scaliger had already attained to such majesty, whether we

¹ So Meric Casaubon: "Julius Scaliger, vir incomparabilis, nisi Josephum genuisset." *De Quatuor Linguis Commentatio*, pars prior (Londini, 1650), p. 57.

² Horace, *Carmina*, iv, 4, vv. 29, 31 f.

consider surpassing exploits in war, or the distinctions of peace and the incredible and almost divine knowledge in every science, that they were no longer judged capable of increase; and it would have been more than enough to gain an immortal name, if the son had followed at a long interval the leading of the father's light. But Joseph, inspired by the celestial mind and by a kind of sacred impulse, added so great a surplus and augmentation to his father's performance that mortal condition seems able to comprehend and desire nothing greater.

For while we are wont to admire individual qualities in excellent understandings and exalted natures, he alone possessed all these together. What field of letters, I will not say did he leave untouched or untried, but did he not so handle with careful felicity¹ that nothing escaped him which was worthy of notice and on which he had decided that he ought to bestow his efforts? Formerly it seemed a work of rare praise and great labor, if one had well learned "the lore of both languages,"² and this "the player of the Roman lyre"³ celebrates in a Roman knight. What would he say,

If fate should bring him to the present age?⁴

How he would stand in astonishment, how he would be stunned, thunderstruck by the miracle, if he had beheld as an eyewitness our hero's unheard-of memory in this field, his power and skill in speech! In the

¹ Petronius, 118.

³ *Ibid.*, iv, 3, v. 23.

² Horace, *Carmina*, iii, 8, v. 5.

⁴ Idem, *Satirae*, i, 10, v. 68.

whole world there is hardly any kind of idiom, whose monuments exist, consecrated to the perpetuity of letters, which he did not investigate with unremitting toil. Yet more wonderful, it was not with the help of the spoken word, not by the aid of an interpreter, that he performed these heavy tasks; but he accomplished the feat under his own auspices, employing only those mute masters whom excellent King Alfonso¹ used to call the most faithful counsellors.² Not without plausible grounds is it believed, that among the hindrances of the good intellect, and among the causes why today so few attain to the perfection of antiquity, there must be reckoned this disadvantage, that we are compelled to spend so much care and study in the acquirement of languages, while the ancients betook themselves immediately to the contents of the arts themselves. And indeed a variety of languages does not furnish us with a knowledge of things, but only with travelling money and necessary assistance, that we may proceed to that knowledge by a long circuit and by different bypaths. While I will grant that this is true with men of ordinary understanding, yet it is observed to be utterly groundless with diviner spirits, who grasp so quickly things remote in kind and infinite

¹ Alfonso the Magnanimous, king of Aragon (1416-58), Sicily, and Naples.

² "Alphonsus enim, eximus ille regum, interrogatus, Qui essent optimi consiliarii? Mortui, respondit: libros scilicet et haec talia monumenta intelligens, qui nihil blandientes, nihil celantes, puram meramque proponant veritatem." Justus Lipsius, *Opera* (Antverpiae, 1637), iv, p. 7.

in number, as if these were cognate and suited to their genius, that they render probable the lovely madness¹ of certain philosophers who have deemed that to learn is nothing else than to remember and recall.²

To some understandings it has been granted, by the rare favor of heaven, that through pastime and by-play they accomplish more than others do by monstrous and persistent labor.³ Certainly as the orbs of the stars with marvellous swiftness complete their courses without sense of effort, without heaviness and fatigue, and, perpetually in motion, are never wearied: so the intellects which heaven has endowed most richly seem recruited and restored by the very exertion of spirit, understanding, power,

As a holm oak which the hard axe hath prun'd,

 Through loss, through lopping, by the very steel,
 Receives fresh pow'r and spirit.⁴

Of this we cannot cite from all memory of antiquity a more striking example than that divine old man, in whose honor we now offer solemn sacrifice as for the common parent of letters, and to whose dignity it is befitting to yield the superiority⁵ as to the perpetual dictator of all sciences.⁶ Although posterity will

¹ Horace, *Carmina*, iii, 4, vv. 5 f.

² Plato, *Meno*, 81 d; Cicero, *De Senectute*, 21, 78.

³ Lipsius writes to Scaliger, "Haec omnia per jocum et ludum te posse scimus, in quis alii sudant." *Epidistolae*, cent. i, 6.

⁴ Horace, *Carmina*, iv, 4, vv. 57, 59, 60.

⁵ *Fasces submittere*. So Cicero, *Brutus*, 6, 22.

⁶ Not otherwise Gaspar Scipio, *De Arte Critica* (Noribergae, 1597), praef. ad lectorem: "dicam . . . de literarum omnium dictatore

scarcely hold it credible that one person gained, self-taught, a knowledge of so many tongues, yet that admirable gift, whether of memory, or of diligence, seems a mere accessory amid the attending multitude of greater deserts and merits. Whatsoever since the foundation of the world has been recorded in the monuments of annals and histories, whether by sacred or by profane authors, all that could be drawn forth from his mind, as from a kind of oracle and sanctuary; and never did any one approach him, incited by zeal for learning, who did not go away more learned, and better prepared to live wisely. For he did not strive after knowledge for delight of spirit alone, that he might sing for himself and his Muses,¹ nor for empty ostentation, for the mere appearance of knowledge, as we use coins and pebbles for reckoning; but that he might contribute it to the common stock, and communicate it to public use. This fact is vouched for by the pledges of eternal praise and art which he committed to the age, to endure as long as there shall be on earth men who reverence honor, wisdom, and erudition. There is no language, no kind of speech so embellished, copious, and magnificent, that it can praise such things as they deserve. Then moreover the law of Solon forbids that divine matters be touched upon cursorily.² It is more reverent to leave them

perpetuo, et per omnia diis magis quam hominibus comparando,
Josepho Scaligero."

¹ Cicero, *Brutus*, 50, 187: to which Lipsius refers in a letter to Scaliger. *Opera* (1637), i, p. 175 b.

² Where is this law found?

unimpaired to the judgment and reflection of the pious auditor than to diminish their force by incompetent treatment.¹

I shall believe the millennium arrived, if all students of literature will display such strength of understanding as to be able to comprehend the writings of Scaliger or at least view them with love and admiration. For most of his graver works are of such sort as to bar the profane rabble² from entrance, and are open only to those to whom the innermost shrines of science are unclosed. For who, unless one who had served long and much about the inner altars of letters, would dare touch with unwashed hands those pages in which are contained the order of the years, the Emendation of Chronology,³ and the most exact computation and system of all ages? Who, except with amazement, approaches the groves of Eusebius,⁴ now brighter than noonday? Among Critics, in the opinion of all good judges, Scaliger unquestionably rules as prince, without competitor or rival. How many there are, who have spent all their lives in this field of study, and have acquired such reputation that they are called pillars of literature and ornaments of the age,⁵ who

¹ Horace, *Carmina*, i, 6, v. 12.

² *Ibid.*, iii, 1, v. 1.

³ *De Emendatione Temporum.*

⁴ In the *Thesaurus Temporum* (1606), which a recent writer has characterized, with much justice, as "that great work in which one-half of modern scholarship has its forgotten source." H. W. Garrod, in *The Classical Review*, May, 1915, p. 92.

⁵ Pliny Minor, *Epistolae*, viii, 12, 1.

yet are in no way to be compared with our prodigy of nature! He is the eagle in the clouds,¹ he

Alone is wise, the rest are flitting shades.²

How often do two of the triumvirs of the republic of letters (my reference is plain)³ mention him as if speaking of a man divine, not of a mortal being! But what need to seek the truth by conjectures, by interpreters and testimonies, when there have been publicly entered the unexceptionable sureties of the man himself,⁴ by which he has linked the fame of his name in equal union with the eternal ages? There is no writer of any mark, Greek or Latin, to whom he has not lent some light. Splendid, and rising above all doubt of commendation, are those things which he imparted to public use, and not inferior must those be reckoned

¹ *Aquila in nubibus*: the *aierōs ēn νεφέλησι* of the famous oracle on Athens given by the Scholiast on Aristophanes, *Equites*, v. 1013, which Rogers renders as follows:

“O thou fortunate town
Of Athene, the Bringer of spoil,
Much shalt thou see, and much
Shalt thou suffer, and much shalt thou toil,

Then in the clouds thou shalt soar, as an Eagle, for ever and ever.”

That is, the Scholiast explains, “Like the Great King, thou shalt be superior to all men, as the eagle is above all birds.”

Lipsius addresses Scaliger as *Aquila in nubibus*, adding, “vides, imo pervides omnia, et quicquid venaris, capis.” *Epistolae*, cent. i, 6.

² Homer, *Odyssey*, x, v. 495 (of Tiresias).

³ Isaac Casaubon and Justus Lipsius. The other triumvir was, of course, Scaliger himself.

⁴ The reader will remember the legal training of Baudius, marks of which occur in other instances in the Oration.

which he preserved within Vesta's shrine¹ in generous custody. For he shunned ambition, and put small value on himself, especially in the byways and pleasant places of studies of this sort: though most seek the laurel branch in this must-cake,² and are wonderfully pleased with themselves if they recall to the light from mould and dirt some old and obsolete saying,

and words
The girt Cethegi hardly understood.³

Philology he indeed loved ardently, but when he wished to mark the intervals of business by interstitial leisure,⁴ and he regarded this kind of exercise as among the relaxations from care. Indeed since that penetrating spirit, and emulator of heaven, whence it derived its origin, could not be idle, it deemed a change of labor equivalent to recreation. It is recorded that Cato the Censor in the *Origins* wrote, nobly and wisely, that illustrious and eminent men must render account not less of leisure than of business.⁵ And there was among the Athenians an action for idleness against the indolent and slothful.⁶ If our incomparable man had been disposed to bring out into light and view

¹ Virgil, *Aeneid*, v, v. 744.

² Cicero, *Epistolae ad Atticum*, v, 20, 4.

³ Horace, *Ars Poetica*, v. 50. ⁴ Velleius Paterculus, i, 13, 3.

⁵ Cicero, *Pro Plancio*, 27. Scaliger applies Cato's saying to himself in the preface, written in 1576, to his edition of Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius.

⁶ Ἀργυρας δικη. Plutarch, *Solon*, 17, 22, 31; Demosthenes, *Contra Eubulidem*, 32 (p. 1308); and the references given by Joannes Meursius, *Solon*, 17.

whatever came under the point of his pen when he refreshed his mind, wearied from heavier cares, by the solace of humane letters, perhaps nothing would remain that we should desire in Critics. The serious efforts of others would have had to be considered far inferior to his sports and mental relaxations.

But when fiery vigor inflamed him, and that sacred spirit breathed upon him that he might gird himself for poetry, who was his equal? Whom did he not leave far behind? Who among the Greeks more happily perceived or trod the way to the gates of song?¹ All his poems are above the capacity of our age, and aspire to the glory of the most learned antiquity. And they rise not by pretence or meretricious ornaments, but by unaffected simplicity and natural beauty. And, what is a proof of the utmost perfection in composition, all who are even moderately versed in literature, when they take his poems into their hands, fancy with vain mistaken credulity, if they have any natural talent, that the same might occur to their minds. But when it comes to actual trial, they will perspire exceedingly, and, unless they are downright fools, will of their own accord recognize their weakness, and perceive that they are estimating truth by their own little measure and scale. This is the work, this is the labor.² I return heartfelt thanks to my good angel that from the com-

¹ "Quis in Graecis viam vidit qua iretur ad carmen, aut visam feliciori pede calcavit?" Baudius has in mind Petronius, 118: "Ceteri enim aut non viderunt viam, qua iretur ad carmen, aut visam timuerunt calcare."

² Ovid, *Ars Amatoria*, i, v. 453.

panionship and intimate society of the great man I have obtained this profit: that although I lack utterly the ability to fashion monuments of perfect care or art, yet perchance I can assert an opinion of famous works that is not wholly contemptible. For skill in criticism is attainable on milder and easier terms than power of accomplishment. But one who has not knocked at Poetry's door¹ (to use Plato's expression), if he shall presume to pass judgment on a great poet, will accomplish no more than if, being blind, he wished to decide on differences of color, or, being deaf, on vocal harmony. Since, moreover, these studies have their appropriate season, and advanced age is not reckoned fit or suitable for bringing forth the fruit of the Muses, it is particularly to be marvelled at, that in our old man the perpetual quickness of understanding and youthful nature flourished; nor did his intellect ever experience any failing from old age, but obtained increase of prudence and ripeness of judgment. Love and mirth were his companions even to the very end of his life.

But as nothing sets off the light of a picture so well as shadow: so than detraction and envy there are no better witnesses of the character and grandeur of Joseph Scaliger, great progeny of a great father,

I do believe, nor vain the faith, of gods
The offspring.²

¹ Plato, *Phaedrus*, 245 a; quoted by Seneca, *De Tranquillitate Animi*, 17, 10.

² Virgil, *Aeneid*, iv, v. 12.

For of what can men bankrupt of all shame accuse him, except merit, on which they wage open war? What deeply galls the ignorant, but his boundless learning, whose rays the birds of night do not endure? What is it that suffers not to rest men infamous and conscious of their own crimes, except the uprightness of character and holy life from which they are far removed? What offends base spirits, void of true desert, unless

The man's great merit, and the honor great
Of race, recurring to the mind,¹

by whose splendor they are wrung? But the sons of heroes are invulnerable to the fangs of calumny, nor can the infamous tribe of owls harm the beams of Phoebus. Or is anything taken away from great Cato, because Strumas sit in the curule chair,² and because, while he was passed by, Vatinius was raised to the praetorship by the judgment of the dregs of the Romans?³

Virtue, knowing no base repulse,
Shines with unsullied honors,
Nor grasps, nor lays down the axes
At the decision of the popular breeze.⁴

As trees root themselves more deeply in the ground in proportion as they are more fiercely attacked by the

¹ Virgil, *Aeneid*, iv, vv. 3 f.

² Catullus, 52, v. 2, with Merrill's note; Baudius, *Epistolae*, cent.

ii, 50.

³ Catullus, 52, v. 3; Cicero, *In Vatinium*.

⁴ Horace, *Carmina*, iii, 2, vv. 17-20.

raging winds: so the dignity and grandeur of great men gain brighter renown, and shine forth more clearly, according as they are more exposed to the weapons of the malignant: who aspire to the enmity of those whose likeness to attain they are either unwilling because of wickedness, or hopeless because of sloth. The very son of Jupiter, Hercules,

Who crush'd the awful hydra,¹

who delivered the earth from every kind of monsters, and whom fame, mindful of his good deeds, enrolled in the number of the gods,—Hercules, I say, was not able to vanquish Envy, that inseparable blemish of merit, before he was released from human affairs.² Our Scaliger, even while he was in mortal company, by the sublimity of his intellect so towered above this deadly pestilence that he mocked its whole attack, as the assaults of the billows are broken by the crag: unless some contemptible enemy thinks that the flower of dignity,³ or the honor of a most illustrious race, whence kings and lords of broad lands have come, takes any harm from the foul abuse of buffoons, whose names, even, one ought not to pronounce without a propitiatory sacrifice. What more inhuman and horrible book ever burst upon the air than *Scaliger Hypo-*

¹ Horace, *Epistolae*, ii, 1, v. 10.

² *Ibid.*, v. 12:

“Comperit invidiam supremo fine domari.”

Also Natalis Comes, *Mythologia* (Francofurti, 1584), pp. 708 ff.

³ *Flos dignitatis*. Pliny, *Naturalis Historia*, vii, 143, after the Aldine reading; Cicero, *Pro Balbo*, 6, 15.

*bolimaeus?*¹ Were not the author of the accursed work sufficiently punished by his own madness, he ought to be turned over to the hangman. No other hand can heal such a violent distemper. But what else than a thing detestable and abominable would be produced by such an author — son of a ghoul and a drab, plagiarist, thief, informer, candidate for the gallows, food for the gibbet, monster to be banished to the remotest coasts of earth and expelled from the very bounds of humanity? That accursed wretch, universal offscouring of crimes and shames, dared against the holy old man, whom not so long ago he was saluting as the god of letters, whom he extolled beyond the just limits of mortal praise, — against him the gallows bird dared hurl insults so hideous, so abominable, that the whole throng of Furies can breathe out nothing fouler from the jaws of Avernus. No doubt this dormouse was eager to rub his filth upon the most blameless man, whose conscience, unapproached and unstained by vices, is so far from having felt the blow, that it has rather gathered thence the harvest and substance of true glory, and ought to be greatly pleased with itself, since it displeases such abscesses and ulcers, which live to the reproach of the age and the abomination of the human race. But never shall the foul buffoon, utterly abandoned in his infamy

¹ *Gasp. Scioppii Scaliger Hypobolimaeus, hoc est: Elenchus Epistolae Josephi Burdonis Pseudoscaligeri de Vetustate et splendore gentis Scaligerae.* Moguntiae, 1607. See the comments on this unspeakable book in Bernays's *Scaliger*, pp. 85 f., 212 ff., and in Mark Pattison's review of the same in the first volume of his collected essays (1889).

and savagery, gain the power to vex the innocence of good men, or to lessen the reputation of the famous, or to earn the indignation of the brave and generous. So our hero revenged himself upon such a rascal by disdainful contempt and steadfast silence: lest he defile his hand with mud, or, if he deigned to be angry, satisfy the wish of an enemy greedy of infamous fame: whose purpose it was to become celebrated by glorious enmities, and to rush to fame through the ruin of another's reputation. But the eagle does not catch flies,¹ nor has it ever been reported that the obscene owl perished by the bow of Paean. We are earwitnesses of the pleasant way in which Scaliger sometimes cast jests and witticisms against rascals of this sort. He did not so much hate them for their wickedness as despise them for their stupidity. And certainly he would have been angry with himself and unjust to his own dignity, if he had borne to contend with so disproportionate an antagonist, fit for nothing but reviling: Achilles unequally matched² in a conflict in which victory is with him who yields voluntarily, and glories in his own defeat. Then again, although we live in an age become sterile of virtues, and most fertile of calumnies, still he did

¹ *Aquila non captat muscas.* A mediaeval Latin proverb, which has passed into several modern languages. Erasmus, *Adagiorum Chiliades* (Francofurti, 1599), col. 332; Lipsius, *Opera* (Antverpiae, 1637), iv, p. 297; W. G. Benham, *Cassell's Book of Quotations* (London, etc., 1907), pp. 772, 855.

² *Impar congressus Achilles:* a beautiful adaptation, made with Baudius's wonted freedom, of Virgil, *Aeneid*, i, v. 475.

not think so ill or badly of his times as to believe that any would turn spirit and ears to such prodigious and monstrous lies, except those who were afflicted with a like disease of heinous crime or incurable madness.

But I tarry far too long upon an infamous theme, to waste so many words against the vilest of bipeds:¹ who thought it could not be proved to his fellows that he was the sworn foe of virtue and honor, unless he attacked with foul words the prince of understanding, learning, and wisdom. But indeed the wretch's own character is his sufficient punishment. For I should be in error, and with reason insane,² if I should wish by speech either to heal or wound an animal of that sort, so that the dog may blush, whose iron and bloodless forehead has learned to be utterly shameless, and has wholly abjured all sense of humanity. Formerly it was believed that minds are made gentle and manners refined by the arts that are noble and worthy of a freeman: now men who boast their love of letters degenerate from men into wild beasts, and divest themselves of nature itself. Why do the madmen rise so fiercely, rage so immoderately against him whom all the good agree to have been the chief man of the age, and first of the senate of philologists? This primacy no one, unless impious and abominable, calls in doubt. Nor did any one ever impugn the origin of his race either to him or to his noble parent, although all their actions were observed by many eyes, nor

¹ Pliny Minor, *Epistolae*, i, 5, 14.

² Terence, *Eunuchus*, i, v. 18.

would it have escaped the prying diligence of malignity if any sinister suspicion had occupied the minds of men. Now there have arisen little brothers of the Giants,¹ to essay that from which the audacity of all men had recoiled in awe. But it is not wonderful if dogs delight to bark, or if swine enjoy filth and nastiness.

Meantime truth remains immovable and shall remain forever, nor shall the nobility of Scaliger yield place, although it be stripped of the patrimony of the forefathers, and, by the injustice of the rulers, expelled from its ancestral seats, to the great disgrace of the age.² Yet Fortune did not accomplish her purpose. For she only snatched away what she is accustomed to give. Vast knowledge, wisdom, a spirit that understood law human and divine, constancy in adversity, moderation in prosperity, and the other heroic virtues — these she took not away. Such works are not given, nor can they be withdrawn. Great-souled Bias carries with him all he has, when, city and tower fallen, blessed in himself alone, he leaves his country³ and seeks honest poverty unendowed.

But out of the wealth of possessions by which our hero merited admiration and even wonder, I think no praise deserves to be compared with piety, and re-

¹ *Fraterculi gigantum.* Juvenal, *Satirae*, iv, v. 98, after the old reading.

² Baudius, *Heroicorum Liber*, i (Epic on Scaliger):

“solio est exutus avorum,

Fraude mala, magnoque hominum seclique pudore.”

³ Cicero, *Paradoxa*, i, 1; Valerius Maximus, vii, 2, ext. 3.

ligious worship of the Deity. This virtue ought to be held in higher esteem in proportion to the rarity of its discovery among learned men. For with just indignation I will state the fact. Very many grow so haughty with pride of knowledge that they disdain to fear and venerate God: as if Science ought to lead them to assume the rites of the Cyclopes, and to cast off reverence of the Deity, in whom are hidden all the treasures of knowledge and wisdom.¹ But our hero fiercely abhorred the Mezentii, contemners of the gods.² No class of men (if they deserve to be called men, and not rather brute beasts) did he repel with such inexpiable hate, and execrate with such curses and maledictions, as atheists. And he could not easily be moved to believe that any one so revolts from natural law and reason as not to worship God or think he exists. Great numbers (he believed) indeed are found, who so regulate their lives as if there were in heaven no judge and governor of human affairs who hears and beholds our behavior: punisher of crimes, rewarder

¹ J. F. Buddeus, discussing the supposed relationship between learning and unbelief, decides that "Litterarum studia, si caute et sobrie tractentur, ad veram religionem promovendam, et contra atheorum insultus defendendam, plurimum conferunt. Sed si quis inconsulto in ea feratur impetu, inque iis tractandis pravae potius cupiditatis ductum, quam rectae rationis legem sequatur, animum facile ad impietatem ac atheismum pronum inde referet. . . . Qui litteris quas *humaniores* vocant, se totos dedunt, ethnicorum scriptorum subinde ita capiuntur lectione, ut scripturam sacram plane negligant, aut in minimis ponant, indeque illorum mens ita corrumputur, ut illis *lyra Davidica sordeat p[ro]ae lyra Horatiana.*" *De Atheismo et Superstitione* (Trajecti ad Rhenum, 1737), pp. 230 f.

² Virgil, *Aeneid*, vii, v. 648.

of good deeds. But yet (he thought) when each questions his own conscience, none can be released from his own judgment without suffering from the tormentor within more cruelly than if he leaped from the Rock.¹ These are the glowing flambeaus, these are the torches of the Furies by which the minds of the wicked are disturbed, so that they ever expect their deserts, and think that Nemesis, the avenger, girded with the scourge, is before their eyes. On the other hand (he thought) nothing can be called more secure than a spirit conscious of its own rectitude.²

Let this thy brazen bulwark be:
A conscience void of all offence.³

If the shattered globe shall fall,
Undaunted he will face the crash.⁴

Moreover our venerable old man joined to his zeal for true piety, which he cherished above all else, the love of truth, which alike from his father's teaching⁵ and from his own determination he held to be the basis and foundation of all virtues.⁶ He shunned

¹ Plautus, *Trinummus*, ii, 1, v. 31.

² Virgil, *Aeneid*, i, v. 604.

³ Horace, *Epistolae*, i, 1, vv. 60 f.

⁴ Idem, *Carmina*, iii, 3, vv. 7, 8.

⁵ Joseph himself writes of his father, "Mendacium ita aversabatur, ut et ad mentionem ipsam excandesceret: et nihil prius veritate ac pietate in Deum nobis commendabat. Nunquam memini nos pueros coram eo sisti, quin primum illud praeceptum inculcaret, Non mentiri." *Epistolae* (1628), p. 40.

⁶ Scaliger calls Truth *Regina Veritas. Thesaurus Temporum* (1606), *animadversiones*, p. 34.

pretence and deceit more than dog and snake,¹ as the foes of noblemindedness, and unbefitting a magnanimous heart. He approved the generous saying of Achilles, Iota of the *Iliad*:

Hateful to me as are the gates of hell
Is he who, hiding one thing in his heart,
Utters another.²

This way of life he carried through even unto the last breath. Solon, one of the Seven Wise Men of Greece, and the only one among them who was a lawmaker, used to say that no one ought to be considered a happy man until he arrives at the fatal goal and finishes the last act of life.³ This is that decisive day which passes judgment on all that has gone before.

For then and not till then the words of truth
Are drawn out from the bottom of the heart:
The mask's torn off, reality is left.⁴

Then is no time for feigning, no place for pretence. The accounts of the whole life balance best for those who have learned to die bravely. Let us then observe how great an example of a constant spirit our hero gave in this.⁵ At the very first, as soon as he felt himself attacked by disease, immediately his prescient

¹ Horace, *Epistolae*, i, 17, vv. 30 f.; Erasmus, *Adagiorum Chiliades* (1599), col. 1404.

² *Iliad*, ix, vv. 312 f. (Bryant's translation).

³ Plutarch, *Solon*, 27, 7; Valerius Maximus, vii, 2, ext. 2.

⁴ Lucretius, iii, vv. 57 f. (Munro's translation, modified).

⁵ A letter of Heinsius to Casaubon, printed in the 1628 edition of Scaliger's Letters, pp. 759–777, contains the best account of the last illness and death of Scaliger.

mind foretold that the end of his life was at hand; and he declared this to his friends with unmoved speech and countenance. And when his friends manifested some hope that his health would be restored, and said that he ought not to despair, he, on the other hand, discussed the nature of his disease so skilfully and accurately, in the presence of the most eminent physicians, that they readily assented to his views. Indeed he affirmed that certain death threatened him, with as great tranquillity of mind as if he were dealing with another's case, and this matter did not concern himself at all. Without delay he arranged for his last will, that he might not die intestate. Moreover, during the whole time of his confinement to the house, or to the couch, he poured forth, as the oracle from the shrine, discourses breathing real piety, concerning the mercy of God, the redemption of the human race, justification by faith in Christ, the resurrection of the body and the immortality of the soul, and the other chief articles of religion: so that even then he seemed as he spoke to taste the firstfruits of heavenly glory. At times he mourned his lot, because from weakness he could no longer apply himself to serious studies and the duties of life.¹ For indeed the spirit of antique

¹ "I think," says Heinsius, "that the last authors he used before his death were Polybius, and the books of Lipsius on the Art of War. In the Polybius, which I have, he had made numberless corrections, and, among other things, only a very few days before he was absolutely confined to the couch, he had made with his own hand an accurate drawing of the Roman pilum from the learned author's description. For he thought that in this all who have tried to illus-

nobility, mindful of its divine origin, considered that an Emperor ought to die on his feet.¹ For if the lowest class of gladiators had a care to fall honorably,² how much more does it befit men trained both in contempt of human affairs and in devotion to religion to aim to receive firmly and bravely the law of their fate, lest they be convicted, like lazy poets, of falling down in the last act?³ Our first man of the age nobly avoided this misfortune. For not only before did he always keep his even way, but also in the last struggle, in which even the sons of the gods are wont to be daunted and shaken, his breast was fortified by such strength of spirit, by so great constancy, that he allowed no fear of death to overcome him. Nay even, with the apostle he ardently prayed and longed to be freed quickly from the prison of the body, and to be with Christ.⁴ His prayers breathed only loathing for this unhappy life, and certain assurance of immortality. Nay even, with copious tears he mourned that he

trate Polybius have been in error. In Lipsius's work he had noted down a few points of dissent.” Mark Pattison confuses the references to Polybius and Lipsius in such wise as to cast a most comical implication of schoolboyishness upon Scaliger’s methods of work.

¹ Suetonius, *Vespasian*, 24.

² Cicero, *Philippica*, iii, 14, 35, and *Tusculanae Disputationes*, ii, 17, 41. So Thomas Fuller in *Abel Redivivus* (1651), who draws from the same passages: “The Roman Gladiators, set forth and designed to Death, when despairing to come off alive, tooke all their care honeste decumbere, to fall down in a decent posture; so contriving their Bodies into a modest Method, that no uncomlinesse might therein be discovered.”

³ Cicero, *De Senectute*, 18, 64: but Cicero says ‘actors,’ not ‘poets.’

⁴ Philippians, i, 23.

had lived too long, to have survived to times in which men called in question the merit and justification of our saviour Jesus Christ, whom he trusted that he should quickly see sitting on the right hand of the Father almighty. In this hope and fullest persuasion he placidly passed away, so that death seemed likest to a sleep, and removed to the heavenly country whence by God's gift this great pledge and deposit had been transmitted to earth.

Such was our great hero's death, which indeed it behooves us not to observe with idle grief, but piously and inviolately to venerate his memory. The body, the lodging of that illustrious soul which filled all lands with its name, yesterday was laid to rest in the tomb. There it awaits the resurrection, when the eternal Son of eternal God shall come to judge the quick and the dead.¹ But his better part hath been received up into heaven, where it enjoys immortality, and leads that life which is bounded neither by the metes of time nor by limit of felicity; which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard,² neither can voice express, or the mind of man comprehend. Therefore although not only this University, but also the whole republic of letters hath suffered heavy hurt and sorrow from the loss of this great man, yet it is seemly that we should rejoice in his blessedness rather than mourn with pusillanimous grief and unmanly lament his taking away: lest we seem more to deplore our own loss than to be glad of his advantage. Therefore let us take heart,

¹ II Timothy, iv, 1.

² Isaiah, lxiv, 4; I Corinthians, ii, 9.

and alleviate our sorrow by brave consolations: as we shall do if we conform our minds to his example and likeness. He has left us many splendid tokens of himself. Posterity shall never cease to tell their glory; oblivion shall never obliterate their memory. In them we may behold the great man's likeness better portrayed than by the pencil of Apelles or the chisel of Lysippus. Let them be set before us as models for emulation. For if the smoky portraits¹ of ancestors, which show only the body's outward appearance, impart ardor to honorable minds, so that they strive to manifest their praises by life and deeds, how much more ought our spirits to be kindled to glory and true honor, when day and night we shall have in our hands the monuments of the greatest of men? Ye, O flower and stock of noble young manhood, sent hither by parents that hence as if from a marketplace ye may return home laden with a provision of the liberal arts, through which ye may be able to serve your country, honor yourselves, and help your friends; seize upon, I pray you, and embrace this beautiful and splendid opportunity. Not all can be Catos,² nor every one a Socrates: we must congratulate our age, that Leyden has possessed a man of the first rank and of singular model. It is beautiful and glorious for those who strive

¹ *Fumosae imagines*. So Cicero, *In Pisonem*, i. See also Juvenal, viii, v. 8.

² On the figure here used, see Thomas Gataker, *Cinnus* (Londini, 1651), p. 340; and A. J. Macleane's note, in his edition of Horace (4th ed., London, 1881), on *Satirae*, i, 7, v. 8. It is akin to the plural of dignity discussed by Longinus, *De Sublimitate*, 23.

for the highest, if they are able to stand in the second or third rank.¹ So far as our moderate capacity permits, we will not fail to maintain the dignity of letters, nor will we desert the honorable station in which the suffrage of the good and some reputation for learning have placed us. For my part, I promise from my heart and declare that I will never at any time fail in your service and profit. In public and in private, my care and thoughts shall ever be devoted to the occasions of studious youth.

Finally, as custom and duty prescribe, I thank this most honorable assembly, that ye have seen fit to honor with so great resort and concourse this address of mine; which is not an example of understanding or eloquence, but the last service of piety and humanity, devoted to the sacred shade of the first man of all time in every kind of letters and learning.

The Oration was delivered in the Hall of Theology at Leyden, 26 January 1609, at ten o'clock in the morning, on the day following that on which the body of the deceased was committed to the tomb.

¹ Cicero, *Orator*, i, 4; Quintilian, xii, 11, 26; Christian Falster, *Amoenitates Philologicae* (Amstelodami, 1729-32), i, p. 12.

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